

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 793.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16th, 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6D.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



LAFAYETTE.

THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

178, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Countess of Clancarty	377, 378
Schools and Shooting	378
Country Notes	379
Colonsay, by Isabel Butchart	379
The House Far Away, by Mary-Adair Macdonald	380
The Egyptian Desert from Helouan—I., by Algernon Blackwood. (Illustrated)	381
The Loss of the Wood Fire, by William Robinson	384
Kangaroo Coursing, by J. C. M. Irons. (Illustrated)	385
Tales of Country Life: The Post in the Village, by Katharine Sylvester	387
In the Garden: The Gravetye Pergolas, by William Robinson. (Illustrated)	388
Sport and Travel in the Thirstland, by H. A. Bryden	389
A Coast Bulwark, by W. B. Crump. (Illustrated)	390
Rules for Good Milking, by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Tagart	391
The Dipper, by John E. S. Dallas. (Illustrated)	392
Country Home: Claydon House.—II. (Illustrated)	394
Early Spring Fly-fishing	402
Literature	403
Ruins of Desert Cathay (M. Aurel Stein); A Lost Interest (Mrs. George Wemyss); The Revolt (Pulnam Weale); Wings of Desire (M. P. Willcocks); Between Two Stools (Rhoda Broughton); The Rhodesian (Gertrude Page).	
Agricultural Notes: Colonial and Foreign Statistics. (Illustrated)	404
Racing Notes. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)	406
On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated)	408
"Country Life" Trophies for Miniature Rifle-shooting	409
Correspondence	410
Anglers and the Animals' Act (W. Baden-Powell, K.C.); A London Gentleman's For-goer; A Stag in the Sea (H. E. Hall); To Save Fish from Herons (Llewellyn R. Llewellyn); Pugnacious Gannets (J. M. Campbell); Retriever and Butterfly; The Story of a Redbreast (A. Leaver); Up a Tree (Montague Dixon); The Earldom of Arran (Alfred Williams); The County Bridge at Dedham (C. Mason); Paternostering in Salt Water from the Shore; The "Pine Marten" in Ireland (Charles F. Henderson); A Dog's Night-long Watch (J. Norris).	
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	3*
Country Buildings of to-day: The Stables at Wentworth Woodhouse. (Illustrated)	7*
Kennel Notes: The South Dorset Hounds. (Illustrated)	11*
The Country House: "Trellis and Chinese Taste." (Illustrated)	16*
The Automobile World: Random Comment. (Illustrated)	18*
Shooting Notes	28*
O'er Field and Furrow	30*
For Town and Country	32*

SCHOOLS AND SHOOTING.

IT was an ancient ideal that a boy should be taught to ride, to shoot with a bow and to speak the truth. Times change, but principles remain, and the ideal of manly accomplishment, combined with moral courage, is in as much need of cultivation to-day as it was in the time of the Spartans. This would be our justification, if justification were needed, for instituting a shooting competition among schools and officers. Our efforts have received the high sanction of Lord Roberts, whose letter on the subject is printed in another part of the paper. It is needless to attempt to express our gratification at his approval. More than once have we directed attention to the splendid and prophetic figure of our greatest soldier, who, instead of seeking to enjoy the rest which his great services to the nation have so thoroughly earned, is spending his declining years in efforts to rouse his countrymen to assume the attitude and adopt the training which are necessary if we hope to repel any possible invasion. We do not seek in this to be alarmists. England, on the whole, has been a robust and even turbulent country. From the time when William the Conqueror established his rule in this land, the nation has lived in continual menace of dissension at home and aggression from abroad. At one time it was Spain that threatened these shores with invasion, and the answer of the warrior seamen of that time is a matter of history. Prophets of evil foretold that Great Britain would be crushed under the dominion of what was then the greatest Power in Europe. The cloud passed, but

in the course of a few generations we were again threatened by the Dutch Republic. For many years subsequently the danger of a French invasion was constantly present to the inhabitants of these Islands. After that Russia became the great bugbear. During the whole of the time from the reign of the Plantagenet Kings onward one of the great endeavours of those in authority was to attain a high standard of marksmanship among the people of Great Britain. In early days encouragement was given to competition with the bow and arrow, as on the scene rendered immortal by the pen of Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Ivanhoe," when the disguised Robin Hood more than held his own among the marksmen of the nobles. Later on we constantly find that the people were exhorted not to waste their holidays at the alehouse or in useless amusement, but to compete with one another, so that they could perfect their skill first with a bow and arrow and later with a shot-gun.

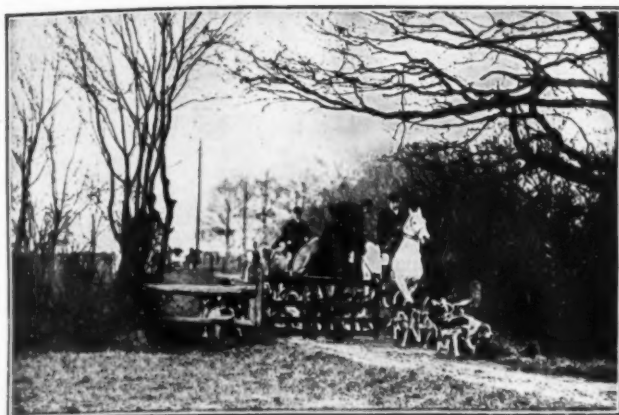
During the long peaceful reign of Victoria these duties were not quite forgotten, since the Volunteer system was then in full swing, but their urgency was not keenly felt. After the Battle of Waterloo the people of this country seemed to have felt convinced that there would be no more fighting on a great scale. England had definitely attained the first place among the nations of Europe, and there was none which came near enough to be a rival. But these days of happy quiet have passed away. Other nationalities have been striving with might and main to overtake Great Britain in the great race for supremacy. We cannot feel surprised that there should be a glow of envy in their eyes. The British Empire was established at a time when there were still many vacant kingdoms in the world. Things have changed now. The need of expansion is as great as, perhaps greater than, ever, but it is difficult for the new nations to find a spot which has not been claimed. This is the central fact which at any moment might bring on a European conflict. To say that we are all for peace is beside the mark. A nation like Great Britain, which stands an unquestioned first among the manufacturing nations of the world, and also possesses almost unbounded territory in which to develop, is naturally inclined towards peace. Moreover, we believe that members of every Party in the State would be ready to make sacrifices to avoid war. At the same time, it would be supreme folly to live as though we could never possibly be urged to conflict. A far wiser and saner policy is to train up our youth to an understanding that they may at some point in their lives be called upon to defend these historic shores. The best assurance of peace must be that the country is bristling with arms. Some go so far as to advocate compulsory military service, so that every male capable of bearing arms would be a trained soldier. Hitherto, however, the country has relied on voluntary effort. To make that effort really efficient proficiency in the art of shooting is absolutely necessary.

In addition, the time has gone past when shooting on the old Volunteer system at bullseye targets was sufficient. It was recognised by those who brought forward the scheme now perfected that not only should the scholars at our public schools be taught to shoot, but that they should be encouraged to attain efficiency in the kind of marksmanship which would tell in a campaign. Hence the landscape target which has been adopted. To say the conditions are ingenious is not blowing our own trumpet, since they were developed by military minds. It is, moreover, very satisfactory to know that they have the full approval of the military authorities. The test we have set up is one that will show not only the accurate eye and steady nerves which were sufficient for the old style of marksmanship, but readiness and resourcefulness on the part not only of the competitors, but of their commanders. The fact that all the best schools have entered into the scheme with zest and thus ensured a successful and brilliant result is itself a high commendation of the main features.

Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Clancarty is the subject of our frontispiece this week. The Countess of Clancarty is the daughter of the late W. F. Rosslewin Ellis; her marriage to the Earl of Clancarty took place in 1908.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

ADMINISTRATION of the Poor Law ought to be, and we believe is, becoming a subject outside party dissension. At any rate, the more thoughtful citizens of the Empire are trying their very best to get it put on a sound basis. In some respects, success has already been achieved. The poverty of old age has been relieved by the Old Age Pensions. The figures given by Mr. John Burns show that old age pauperism, seventy years and upwards, in three years has gone down 20 per cent. indoor and 95 per cent. outdoor. That must be considered satisfactory. So are things at the other end of the scale, where we find that the treatment of poor children has been greatly improved. The number in workhouses in London is only about a hundred over three years of age, the others having been removed to more suitable homes and institutions. In England and Wales thirty-seven Boards of Guardians are about to follow the example of London. When this has been done all over the country a second problem will have been solved, namely, that of making adequate provision for poor children. Undoubtedly this means the removal of a very great evil. The child brought up in the workhouse has very little chance of recovering from the demoralisation for which its parents were responsible.

But there are many questions still remaining to be dealt with by the Poor Law. First, there are the feeble-minded. At present voluntary efforts are being made for the purpose of segregating the insane from the rest of the community and giving them what training they are capable of receiving; but it is incumbent for the health and well-being of the race that some national measure should be adopted to prevent them transmitting their weakness. Another problem that has remained unsolved during the history of Great Britain is what to do with the sturdy beggar. We call him not a sturdy beggar, but a tramp; yet there is no essential difference between the workshy loafer of to-day and the sturdy mendicant whose refusal to work puzzled mediæval legislators. The Way Ticket System has been tried in many counties, and some system of registration may, perhaps, in the end enable us to get rid of him, too.

Lord Wemyss is invariably welcome when he intervenes in any controversy of the moment. Not only his long experience, but his direct common-sense, enable him to throw a complete illumination on the question at issue. His latest letter deals with a speech made recently by Lord Furness in the House of Commons, and now issued as a pamphlet. Lord Furness advocates co-operation in industrial concerns, and urges the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the subject. But Lord Wemyss sees, as many of us do, that the application of a Royal Commission to all sorts of grievances is becoming almost a subterfuge on the part of the Government, and while involving a great waste of time, seldom leads to any direct result. This is in part due to the growing habit of one or two of the members issuing a Minority Report which conflicts with the main report and helps to produce a general paralysis. Lord Wemyss argues with unanswerable force that we do not want any more Royal Commissions, but action.

The history of co-operation of this kind dates from 1867, when a Royal Commission on Trades Unions was appointed, with Sir W. Erle as chairman. That body did not recommend industrial co-operation, but gave its preference to arbitration

and conciliation. Since then, however, a great deal of water has run past the mill, and what did not recommend itself in 1867 ought to do so now. Lord Wemyss very effectively points out that when co-operation was tried by the late Sir George Livesey in his Metropolitan Gas Works the results were very satisfactory. Peace has reigned ever since, and the opinion of Lord Wemyss is that "like action on the part of employers would have like results." Probably the retort of Lord Furness will be that he, too, tried co-operation in his ship-building yards, and that success did not follow his efforts. We believe, however, that for this failure a good reason can be shown, and that the same thing might be done with far better results.

Evidently the Archbishop of Canterbury has very little sympathy with those who are suggesting that the time has come for producing a new version of the Old and New Testaments. We entirely sympathise with his attitude. The translation with which the English people are familiar was made when English prose was at its high-water mark. The rhythm and music of it has become part and parcel of the national life. The Authorised Version is, beyond question, the greatest book in the English language. If here and there it does not give with literal exactitude the meaning of the original, it, at any rate, gives its spirit. Our experience of the Revised Version is that little quibbling emendations have been introduced. The most noble and most stately of English prose has been in many cases reduced to mere bathos, and in many parts the text reads more like a commentary than a translation. Further, we do not live in an age of great prose, and we are certain that if the scholars of to-day were to attempt a new translation, they might achieve a greater degree of accuracy, but it would be at the expense of the most beautiful and dignified prose.

COLONSAY.

Dusk on the shore, but o'er the bay
The dying gold of evening skies,
And, sweet and chill, the sea-wind sighs
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.

This is the Island of the Blest,
Not where the southern waters sleep,
But where the storm-wave washes deep,
And sea-gulls wheel against the West,

Ghosts of dead men who, far away,
Alone in sultry exile died,
They flit, enchanted, o'er the tide
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay,

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Next week we hope to give a more detailed account of the Hunter Show at Islington; but it is not easy to let the occasion pass without saying something about the dissatisfaction generally felt at the quality of the horses which are given prizes at this show. We do not say that it is altogether the fault of the Board of Agriculture; but it is plain that no system which has yet been tried gives satisfactory results. The plain truth is that the rewards are only sufficient to bring out second-rate platers. They do these things in a different way on the Continent. For example, Governments such as those of Russia and Austria think no price too high to give for the best sires in existence. They recognise the importance of a supply of remounts so much that they keep their own breeding establishments and are not content with any second-rate supply. At present the breeding of remounts in Great Britain is satisfactory to nobody. The Army cannot depend upon it for a supply of horses, and the farmer is not offered sufficient temptation for him to take the matter seriously.

Imagination is stirred unspeakably by the discovery that was made during the excavations for the meeting of the Hampstead and Highgate tube railways. In the course of tunnelling the workmen came upon a gigantic tree embedded in sand at a depth of forty feet from the present surface. It was a magnificent oak, black with age and moisture, but it was so far from decay that pick and shovel could make no impression on it. The theory is that it formed part of a grove which grew in a district that is now known as Charing Cross, and must have been undermined and carried away by the river, which eventually buried it in a sandbank. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has said that anyone sitting at Charing Cross, if he sits long enough, sees all the world pass by. It is an eloquent method of showing the populousness of the district; but this discovery carries us back to a time which was practically prehistoric, when great oaks stood where houses and offices are now and deer played in their shadow.

Anglers will read with keen interest the letter from Mr. Baden-Powell, K.C., which appears among our Correspondence to-day. Mr. Baden-Powell, for very good reasons, is not inclined to believe that the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act will be administered with the strong dose of common-sense recommended by a stipendiary magistrate. Even the interpretation hesitatingly advanced by its author, Mr. Greenwood, is not sufficient to allay his apprehension. The fact remains that this carelessly-worded Act of Parliament leaves it open for "Bumble" to make an arrest "on his mere thick-headed view that the offence is worthy of imprisonment without the option of a fine." He could equally have a man arrested for boiling a lobster or eating an oyster as well as baiting a hook.

It is easy to imagine a case. Say that a man goes angling, not to any very secluded part of the world, but to the Thames near Reading, on a Sunday afternoon. If he uses live bait he may be arrested by a policeman whose inspiration comes from one of the humanitarian organisations. In the end the accused may perhaps escape by the gate of common-sense or in some other way; but in the meanwhile he is placed in a most awkward position. Probably on a Sunday afternoon it is not possible for him to obtain advice or bail, even with the aid of the telephone, so that he must, merely because he has pursued the gentle art in the same way as it has been pursued from time out of mind, be subjected to temporary incarceration and all that it involves. The remedy would appear to be an immediate repeal of the Act, or, at any rate, a drastic re-modelling, so as to make it express what Mr. Greenwood says was meant.

In another part of this issue Mr. William Robinson writes a delightful article on the wood fire. We all have a sentimental liking for the blazing faggots which our forefathers were accustomed to; but at the present time, when coal is already touching famine prices and threatens to become still dearer, the suggestions made by Mr. Robinson assume added importance. Country people are not aware of the ease with which wood for fuel can be obtained. Cord wood in many districts is extremely cheap. No doubt it involves the labour of cutting, but, after all, those who can afford it may have the cutting done at a trifling cost. Mr. Robinson's estimate of three shillings a cord will hold good for most districts. The poorer householder can easily cut a day's supply in the course of half-an-hour or so. In these times it is incumbent that economy of coal should be very rigidly practised. The one unfortunate circumstance is that the old fireplaces have been removed from so many houses and replaced by repulsive close ranges. Should the desire to burn wood lead to a return to the open fireplaces, it will conduce to the comfort and beauty of the dwelling as well as to a saving of money.

Recent visitors to France have been very deeply impressed with the vast change that has come over that country recently in regard to its attitude to the Army. The change dates from the beginning of last autumn, when a series of events had the striking effect of awakening a new self-reliance and a new enthusiasm in the French nation. Up to then a considerable amount of anti-militarism prevailed, now it has disappeared. The other day, when a review of the Paris garrison was held at Vincennes, the cordiality of the crowd could not have been exceeded. "Along the boulevard an hour or two later," says the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "one heard tramping, cheers, and bands in the distance. Then a small civilian army came in sight, marching in time, and more or less in self-imposed rank and file." They had all walked from Vincennes with the troops, and hundreds of women in their best dresses had also tramped with the soldiers. "Each regiment," says the same correspondent, "was preceded, followed and entirely surrounded by a marching crowd, and the officers on horseback rode completely hemmed in by men and boys." These are very significant phenomena, and indicate a new attitude on the part of the French people that would-be aggressors will do well to note.

A question has been submitted to us on paper that we have often heard from the living tongue. It is, Of what use is the so-called "feather" on the legs of a Shire horse? During recent years it has become more abundant than ever; but is this hair an indication of strength, or is it regarded as an ornament? The question was put by a practical farmer whose holding consists mostly of heavy clay. A Shire horse on land like that is a very unprofitable animal. Its feather collects a vast quantity of mud, which cannot possibly be good for the animal, and involves a considerable amount of unnecessary work on the part of the man who grooms him. The feather is

not really beautiful. It looks almost like a distortion, and in many respects resembles the absurd fashions which women have been known to cultivate. It would be interesting to know if there is anyone who can put up even a plausible defence of this feature. It seems to stand on an equality with some of the grotesque characteristics which have come to be regarded as points in various kinds of fancy fowl.

The Indian Government is losing no time in setting about its great task of creating a new Imperial city at Delhi. Its first move has been to appoint a town-planning committee of four to examine the whole question on the spot in consultation with the Indian Public Works officials. The constitution of the committee is admirable. Captain Swinton, Chairman of the London County Council, brings a large experience in municipal affairs. The technical knowledge of Mr. Brodie, City Engineer of Liverpool, should ensure that the hygienic aspects of the question will receive full consideration. Architecture has two representatives in Mr. H. V. Lanchester and Mr. E. L. Lutyens, and no better choice could have been made. Mr. Lanchester is well known by the many civic buildings he has designed, notably the fine City Hall and Law Courts at Cardiff. The new city of Delhi will share with the proposed Federal Capital of Australia the honour of leading British opinion in the art of town-planning, and the committee's report will be eagerly awaited.

THE HOUSE FAR AWAY.

Are you asleep, or waking still,
You little house who hold my dreams?
Lonely and solemn on the hill,
You hear the tumbling ice-blue streams;
You hear the soft pine needles fall
Like dripping rain upon the broom.—
The pines have grown so strong and tall,
They throw a shadow on my room.

You are not dressed in ivy leaves,
My distant house; the free winds blow
On all your casements, while your eaves
Wear the same frown as long ago.
You have no garden made by man;
God's purple heather round you lies;
And your uncurtained windows scan
Eternal hills, eternal skies.

You little house, as dark and brown
As any pine cone in the wood;
I wonder if, in looking down
The valley where the rain clouds brood,
You think of how we used to hear,
Just you and I, the winter rain;
And how you whispered in my ear:
"The spring will surely come again."

You call to me, each twilight tide;
Each night in dreams I push your door.
The hinges creak; I go inside,
And see the starlight on the floor. . . .
I wake. . . . And are you nothing, then,
But stone of quarry, wood of pine?
Though your walls harbour alien men,
O little house, your soul is mine!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

The sea angler above other men, and the salmon angler above other anglers, has the bitter fruit of disappointment for his normal portion, but never before perhaps has that fruit been so bitter and that disappointment so acute as in the present spring, when rivers have opened with a really great prospect. The prospect has been great, because it has been known that the fish have been running up well, and there has been abundance of water and all encouragement for them to do so. But running fish are not of much immediate value to the angler. They will seldom look at any of his lures. What he wants is for the water to settle, when the fish will settle, too, in the pools, and then he has his glorious chances. This year the weather has consisted of an almost perpetual succession of small cyclonic storms, which have had the effect of keeping rivers constantly shifting in volume, with a sequence of little floods and a continuance of water too high for the pools to be fishable. The Dee of Aberdeenshire appears to have been less subject than most rivers to these influences, and the Beaulieu has actually been too low. Irish rivers have been particularly disappointing.

THE EGYPTIAN DESERT FROM HELOUAN.—I.

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

CRUELTY was the word I took with me on my first walk into the Desert, but at the end of ten hours spent in its silent spaces I rejected it as utterly unjustified. The glow of the majestic Desert sunset was on the Mokattam Hills behind Helouan, making them burn inwardly with strange fiery torches of their own, and the limestone ridges, so curiously eroded by the wind-borne sand of centuries, nodded fantastic heads towards the old Pyramids far off across the Nile. There was a first star in the east. The short twilight came rushing up. Presently the jackals would begin to whine and howl. The touch of cold was in the air, and in half-an-hour these many thousand-leagued wastes of African sands would be at their old, silent vigil of counting the stars.

No living thing besides myself was in sight, and the light wind that whipped with a noise of running water against the desolate cliffs of the ancient gorges (*Wadis*) brought no trace of human sound upon its wings. And again I sought the word—the word that should replace this “cruelty” everyone had dinned into my ears. But for a time in vain. Cruelty is in sea and mountains, in great forests, too, as also in the air—

I found in the savage bed of the Wadi Hof, tiny, little spotless faces that shone, unawed, amid the waste of ruin and loneliness; thinking, too, of the vivid green plant, bursting with succulent juice, the camels eat; of that prickly, thorny bush, with soft eyes of blue among its sharpness, they devour, too, as if it were meadow grass; of occasional wild geraniums, and of a spear-shaped, dainty yellow flower that grows singly upon a soil of muddy, sun-baked sand that sounds like solid concrete underneath one's boots. Of many others, too, more exquisite than any forest flowers, more radiant and gentle than those that even grow in watered gardens. Their names I do not know; the wild geranium is probably no geranium at all; but the names the Arab boy has subsequently given me are perhaps as accurate as his answer when I asked him what the numerous kites could possibly find by way of food—“leettle roses”! The tenderness, however, was there, for it forced itself upon me. The very heat and light and wind are tender; it is an incongruous, queer marriage of appalling desolation in a ruined world with a tenderness that the contrast renders infinitely sweet. A giant holds a fairy by the finger-tip—yet somehow it is her tenderness that wields the greater spell. For it runs, soft as little children,



AMONG THE DESERT SAND-HILLS.

where *prey* is the essence of existence; almost, indeed, in our own kind as well. But here, in this lifeless, barren, wind-swept region that covers half a continent with a grandeur too simple to marry with even simplest words, it could not, in my own mind at least, find justification. It was, in a sense, too human, too deliberately and consciously human. The terror was here, that terror I had been warned to look for, especially after dusk, and it was beyond question a terror gigantic and overwhelming. But neither was that the word I sought which should sum up the greater mass of the vivid impressions this awful Desert lays like a spell upon the heart and mind. There was something far more penetrating, sweeter and infinite than either cruelty or terror—more subtle, delicate and true. And then the word came suddenly to me of its own accord. Few who know the Desert will agree, least of all those who know its perils at close quarters, and have read into it the emotions of their own severe personal experience. For what rushed into me as the vital key-word that summed up a thousand amazing impressions can only be expressed by a term that one has really no right to apply to inanimate Nature—tenderness. I found myself continually thinking, as I walked home among these sculptured, threatening physiognomies the driven sand has carved in the bewildering hills and ridges—thinking of the wee white flowers

through the ruin, an enormous tenderness, unfathomable, even inexplicable, modifying beyond description the monstrous element it has so strangely mated. This, and an endless, ineffable peace became for me the passwords to the desert that begins at Helouan and stretches through many thousand miles down to the great Sahara itself.

And Helouan, this little oasis of the Arabs, is an admirable place to enter it; so easily accessible—half-an-hour from Cairo—and lying close against its very lips. You may go twenty days on camels, with great expense and trouble and discomfort, yet not see anything more marvellous, more bewilderingly grand and beautiful, than you shall see on a humble Egyptian donkey within an hour's ride of your cosy, up-to-date hotel. My windows in a cool and airy building, formerly a vice-regal palace, with spacious halls, wide, lofty corridors, and palms that rustle endlessly in a shady garden, look forth to the Pyramids across the strip of brilliant vegetation where the Nile meanders with its freight of sweeping, pointed sails that rise like great wings of birds from the very ground. And from another window, facing south and east, I can see the sun rise over the Arabian wilderness of sand. The streets are silent as in Venice; only the sing-song of the Arab cries rises through the still air. And when the moon comes up behind the dim Mokattam Hills, and the



A JOURNEY INTO THE WILDERNESS.

fragrant Desert air blows across my writing-table, it is difficult to believe the stately building is not a tent and that the stirring of the mosquito curtains round the bed is not the flapping of its canvas sides. And in the daytime, too, it is equally difficult to believe that the temperature, in this dry, stimulating air, is what the thermometer proclaims. The sunshine pricks the skin, but there is no discomfort; you can walk and ride, play tennis or climb the sandy mountains without any of the exhaustion that usually goes with 80deg. in the shade.

To speak of mountains in the Desert sounds queer enough, no doubt; but anyone who expects to find a mere endless stretch of Margate sands—though, of course, there are vast regions of smooth, soft sand in other parts across the Nile and a little further south—will be surprised at the gorges, ridges, summits, and high, flat plateaux terminating in precipitous cliffs, that break the Desert here for hundreds of miles into diversified and rugged scenery that really belongs to mountainous country. This, and the extraordinary variations of colour—colour that



SAND RIPPLES.



THE VALLEY OF FEAR—NEAR HELOUAN.

surpasses in contrast, richness and almost violent shading anything I have ever seen in pastoral or woodland regions—are the things that first help to take the breath away. Within half-an-hour's walk of my dining-room, with its five-course luncheon and its clever, ubiquitous head-waiter, you may stand alone amid the desolate majesty of Desert scenery that blinds you with its power, its awful loneliness, its wild, intolerable beauty. Surely, you think, these savage gorges have been carved by torrents that grind and thunder through the hills from one year's end to another. Those peaks and pointed summits that rise like islands out of the level plateaux have just discharged their covering of snow. Avalanches must have tossed these igneous boulders where they lie strewn like huge marbles in the valley beds.

Glaciers have ground these furrows out. Only the waves of violent seas can have worn these scooped-out circles in the cliffs of sand and limestone. The sea *must* lie just beyond that next line of hills that stand against the blue—for the illusion that the sea lies somewhere close is ever present. Yet, though so much of this Desert along the Nile Delta has been under the sea quite recently, geologically speaking (about six thousand years ago, authorities claim, and as far as Assouan), you will look for the sea as vainly as you may look for any results of genuine water-work in all this wilderness of bewildering and fantastic erosion that makes the Helouan Desert so indescribably fascinating. The eroding instruments have been of a simpler, quieter kind, tireless but gentler, continuing their delicate labour for centuries, almost with tenderness. Alone



SAND-DUNES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

their results are so stupendous. For the erosion, which I shall presently describe, is due to meteorological conditions—rain, dew, temperature, especially *changes* of temperature, unequal expansion of various rock constituents, the varying hardness of the different strata, and—the ceaseless friction of the wind-borne sand. It is this latter chiefly that seizes the lay imagination. For this carving due to blasts of sand, driven for hours against the even levels, has furrowed and scoured the softer rock away, and etched the hard, siliceous crust into a series of grooved, ribbed outlines that suggest the fretwork of some mighty, cunning fingers. From the alignment of the sweeping ridges you may tell the direction of the sand-bearing winds as easily as you may guess the prevailing winds on a seacoast by the angle of the cliff-grown trees; for to the south and south-west the hills are eaten into the striking outlines mentioned above, while the northern and north-eastern sides present sharp, precipitous escarpments, hardly touched. Most of this wind-borne sand, the books explain, is brought from vast distances away in the sandstone reaches of the Nubian Desert. And this curious striped and variegated appearance, this terraced look of vivid painted layers, is due to the alternating strata of sandstone, limestone, gravel and the rest. The sandstone ranges from red and brown to bright yellow, grey and almost pink; while the limestone, suffering even more startling changes from the weathering action, shows purples, blacks, deep slaty blues, and often a mottled, streaked appearance that could only be seen in a faithfully-coloured painting. And this world of colour changes incessantly from dawn to sunset. The sunset colourings, indeed, force one to turn from the sky, where the brilliant effects are themselves amazing enough, and watch the great dead Desert turn alive with coloured fire no man could possibly invent or dream of. And all through the short dusk, as well as when the stars shine through the later hours of darkness, there are patches of yellow sand and gleaming limestone, almost white, that continue to glow as with internal furnaces just behind their sculptured surface. They light your journey home, these strange faint torches.

The absence of any object, such as trees, by which a standard of measurement were possible, makes it extraordinarily difficult to judge either size or distance. These domed and turreted knolls that poke their heads on all sides to the sky seem at first several miles away—then, suddenly, are in front of you. A Bedouin one moment is a speck moving far ahead, and the next is upon you or melting into the distance far behind you. And everywhere on the plateaux are visible the holes he has dug to find the plentiful rock salt, which he sells for a few piastres in the towns and villages. Then, abruptly, you find yourself upon the ancient track the feet of countless camels have beaten hard—the trail that leads to Suez—and the friendly lights of gentle, little, silent Helouan blink kindly through the night. They are welcome. There is no denying that. One wonders how the people can flock to Cairo in such herds for their gaieties—so close to the solemn aristocracy of this splendid, ageless Desert. The vulgarity of its social whirl must strike unpleasantly any real Nature-lover. They might have chosen another place, one finds one's self thinking with a faint sensation of contempt. Not that the Desert cares. . . .! And Helouan certainly does not care, with its pure, sweet air, its dustless brilliance, its great enveloping peace and silence, which are the fingers of the Desert feeling along its very streets.

THE LOSS OF THE WOOD FIRE.

Ah! neighbour John, since I an' you
Wer youngsters, ev'rything is new.
My father's vires wer all o' logs
O' cleft-wood, down upon the dogs
Below our clavy, high, an' brode
Enough to teäke a cart an' looad
Where big an' little all zot down
At bwoth zides, an' bevore, all roun'.

—W. BARNES.

FOR some years I have enjoyed wood fires with no drawback of any kind, and have thought that it was a great mistake in the economy of the country house to give them up. It is no use talking to people in cities about them, but in much of the wooded parts of the country there is an abundance of wood where well-arranged fires would give us the best and prettiest of fires. But such is the vogue of coal, even on estates where wood is abundant, that one may see people crowding round ugly iron grates trying to warm themselves; and there is an idea that you cannot be warmed with wood fires. That is a stupid mistake, because the good old way of managing wood fires is to a great extent lost. Architects are no help to its revival with their narrow chimneys suitable for coal or coke. I began in that

way, but soon gave it up. Some of our chimneys were spoiled by narrow pipes, supposed to assist the draught. Fine old hearth fireplaces were fitted with grates, and in one way or another the old hearth fires were built up. I had as many as I could brought back into use, and with very good results.

There is no fire so beautiful or effective as a wood fire on the hearth. It is not merely best from the æsthetic point of view, but it is economical, too, in all ways—in cleanliness alone in not having to remove a mass of coal-ash every morning. In fireplaces of the old sort one does not move the ashes for months at a time.

The first thing I had to consider was to get effective fires, and then the question of draught came in, the narrow chimneys being useless for wood fires. Owing to close modern construction, the air in a room is not always sufficient to feed a wood fire, and in that case it is essential to bring the air in from the back, under and round the grate, up the sides and into the chimney. The air is heated automatically and rises just in the right place. This I learned in France, where the wood fire has survived to a much greater extent than with us. The narrow chimney is a great hindrance. I had had one made for me, which took coal and coke very well but was useless for wood, so I rebuilt it fourteen inches by fourteen inches, and in time I got perfect draught and comfort in all weathers.

Wood is so plentiful now, owing to the turn of the market, that there should be no difficulty on that score. We can have trees and cordwood, but not batwood. Cordwood is easy to get in many districts, and batwood, though unsaleable, makes excellent fires. The only question is that of the labour of cutting it up. In places where electric power and oil or other engines are used, it is a very simple matter, and if one pays three shillings a cord for cutting it up by hand it is worth the money.

The smaller the rooms, the greater the difficulty about draught and the more the need for bringing the air in from outside in the way described—a small funnel leading in at the back of the fireplace. I have tried the plan in various sorts of houses with success. It is much easier to carry out this when building a house; but even in old cottages where it has been applied it is successful.

If there is any doubt about using wood for the house generally, there need be none whatever about having one good wood fire in the hall, which in our chilly climate might be kept alight for most of the year. Than such a fire there is nothing more welcome to anyone entering a house in cold or wet.

Apart from a good draught, the other things essential are a good splay and angle to the fireplace; the fire not on the floor-level, but on a terrace about ten inches high. This raised hearth is formed of polished iron, coming well into the room. The fender is done away with as noisy and useless. The raised hearth may also be well made of good coloured small brick made at Ruabon. (Ernest George's pattern). It should have a good iron back and dogs, the best one may get (many good ones were thrown away with old iron).

WOOD.

The best wood is our native oak, beech, ash and maple, old apple or crab. Cordwood is usually easy to obtain in wooded districts, and this is the best for the big hall or other large fireplaces. But batwood, which it is almost impossible to dispose of, makes a good fire if of the right seasoning. By batwood is meant the underwood not useful for any other purpose. Of recent years the price of underwood has fallen to such a low figure that it is often not worth selling, and the buyers of it take advantage of this to make the price still lower than it need be, in which case we do not sell it, but convert it into batwood and other things for our own use; and when the draught is right it makes excellent firewood with a bed of ash below, as there always should be. In this way our sellers are more respected than they would be by the underwood buyers, and we find a good use for all the cuttings.

There can be no question of the merit of the wood fire for warming purposes in living-rooms; but the question of cookery is not so easy to determine. Some of us think it is still the best way even for cooking, and think it a great pity that the wood fire has gone out of use for that purpose. The British kitchen range is a costly affair, and dragging coals from Newcastle to feed it an expensive process. The cooks have lost the knack of cooking by wood fires. Frenchwomen, where wood is abundant, can cook a perfect dinner with a single down fire and, perhaps, a small charcoal bench. In the best clubs and restaurants of Paris wood is still used for roasting. A Frenchman I know who lives in the Bordeaux region thought he could do better by adopting the best English range; but, finding the cooking with it quite inferior, he pulled it out and went back to the old wood fire. I wish we could do the same; it would help to meet such crises as the present.

In any rightly-managed wood fire the ashes are *not* removed for months at a time. When the fireplace is over-full, take a little away at a time, always leaving plenty of pure ash. Even

in summer a bank of ash should remain. The ashes, when quite done with, are very welcome in the garden for the turf of the bowling green and for many other uses. WM. ROBINSON.

KANGAROO COURSING.



C. Graham.

BAILED UP.

Copyright.

IN the early annals of the Colony of South Australia it is recorded that when a party of explorers under Flinders first landed on Kangaroo Island, about fifteen miles from Adelaide, they found great numbers of kangaroos which, never having seen man before, were so tame and unsophisticated that they simply stood about and waited to be knocked on the head, with the result that in a few hours thirty-one were killed, the smallest of which weighed sixty-nine pounds. A continuance of these primitive conditions would be highly appreciated by the "black fellow," who, naturally, looks upon the kangaroo simply as an animated bundle of meals. The mere slaughter of animals for food, however, does not constitute sport, and your white settler of sporting proclivities is better pleased with present-day conditions—that is to say, in most districts of the Commonwealth, where the kangaroo is just scarce enough and wild enough to provide the necessary excitement and uncertainty of the chase.

Every up-country station keeps a couple of speedy hounds, very like greyhounds in build, but bigger and heavier. They are the regular kangaroo dogs, though used as stock dogs also. The *modus operandi* of kangaroo-hunting with dogs resembles coursing in some respects. The sportsman, mounted on a nag of mettle, rides into the open plain, the dogs trotting at his horse's heels. Presently, above the tall kangaroo grass or among the sandal-wood bushes he sees the heads of kangaroo bobbing about, perhaps a "mob" of four or five. A sharp word to the dogs and they dart forward silently. But the quick ears and scent of the kangaroo warn them of approaching danger, and they scatter in all directions. If they get a good start and one happens to lag behind the others, the two dogs may take after the one, in which case the run is likely to be short; but, as a rule, each dog selects a particular victim and runs it to a standstill.

When a full-grown male kangaroo is rushed by a dog he will often make a bolt for it, as would a frightened doe;



C. Graham.

THE TUSSLE.

Copyright.



C. Graham.

TWO TO ONE.

Copyright.

not because he is a coward, but simply to avoid trouble, and as he bounds away he might be saying:

I don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if I do
I've got the arms, I've got the hands,
I've got the courage too.

No self-respecting kangaroo, however, will allow himself to be pulled down while on the run; consequently, as soon as it becomes evident that, in spite of his huge leaps, the dog is overhauling him, or if he is headed off by another dog, he comes to a halt and prepares to fight for his life like the gallant "old man" that he is. As a matter of choice the fighting kangaroo, when he is "bailed up," likes to get his back against a tree, but when overtaken in the open he just makes the best of a bad job.

At first sight one would think that even the biggest and strongest "old man" kangaroo had not the ghost of a chance when it came to a tussle with a powerful animal such as the regular kangaroo dog; and, as a matter of fact, when the said dog is an old hand at the business and up to all the tricks of the marsupial, the final result is a foregone conclusion. The kangaroo stands up to fight with his forearms held forward, and his five-fingered hands spread out ready to clutch, much in the same way as does a wrestler. The inexperienced dog, guided only by his natural instinct, circles round the kangaroo and, when he thinks he sees an opening, flies straight at his throat. But the wily quarry by a skilful movement wards off the threatening fangs and, at the same time, imprisons the dog in a vice-like grip with his forearms; then, bringing up one of his hind feet—the middle toe of which is armed with a formidable toe-nail, strong and sharp like a pruning-knife—he slits the unfortunate dog open and the fight is ended.



C. Graham.

THE COUP DE GRACE.

Copyright.

The well-trained and experienced kangaroo dog, however, well knows the peril of the kangaroo's embrace and, watching his opportunity, makes a sudden spring. Seizing one of the "old man's" forearms in his powerful jaws, with a cruel wrench he breaks the bone, and not until he has disabled the remaining arm does he attempt to pull down his victim by the throat. With both forearms disabled, the unhappy kangaroo, no longer able to protect his most vulnerable spot, is speedily pulled down, and his frantic endeavours to bring his cutting-toe into play are unavailing, and whether there be one or two dogs, when the kangaroo is once seized and held down by the throat, the end is in sight.

The white hunter generally takes the kangaroo skin as a trophy, also the tail, of which excellent soups and curries are made, though some folks detect a curious tang of musk about the delicacy. The rest of the carcass is left for the black fellows, who are not over-fastidious in their eating.

Seated on the verandah after a hard day in the saddle, smoking the pipe of peace, and watching the great yellow moon rise through the purple twilight until its rays invest the ghostly gum trees with a halo of quivering silver, while the weird cry of the "more pork" ushers in the reign of night, the sportsmen

fall to discussing the well-worn conundrum: "Is the kangaroo doomed to melt away like the aborigines before the march of civilisation?" There seems to be much conflicting evidence on the subject. A man from a well-watered cattle station says they are increasing, but another from an up-country sheep run flatly contradicts him, and so it goes on. Truth

generally lies between extremes; and it may well be that, as in the case of our own coal supply—which scientists tell us will be exhausted in one hundred years—there is no immediate cause for alarm.

J. C. M. IRONS



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE POET IN THE VILLAGE.

BY

KATHARINE SYLVESTER.



TO Rebecca's impatience her sister Ellen seemed longer gone than usual this afternoon about her errands to the neighbouring town. Two or three times

she rose, knitting in hand, from her seat by the fireside, and stood by the window, peering into the gathering gloom of the village street. As that process failed to hasten the loiterer, she threw down her work, put the kettle on to boil and spread the table for the meal. Then she lighted the lamp, revealing a comfortable interior of which the dark, heavy furniture belonged to a generation that had not yet learnt to put its soul into its chairs and tables. But if in these old association had been allowed to outweigh modern notions, the character of the books in the overflowing bookcases, and of the pictures and engravings, gave evidence of the good taste of the inmates, an impression somehow confirmed by the figure of Rebecca herself as she stood there in the circle of light, spare, middle-aged, alert, arrested now by the footfall without that announced her sister's return.

"Late for tea, as usual, Ellen."

Ellen seemed unaffected by the rebuke, to which she made no reply. She was a little younger than her sister, inclined to *embonpoint* and to that sort of untidiness which sometimes accompanies literary proclivities. She stood for culture in the *l'été-à-l'été* household, where her sister represented common-sense. Now she untied the strings of her bonnet, which the wind had blown askew, and sat down to the tea-table, where Rebecca had already taken her place.

"Anyone called this afternoon?"

"Only Mrs. Durrant, for a few minutes."

"Had she any news?"

"Nothing particular, only—"

"Only what, Rebecca? You look odd—tell me."

Rebecca's eyes sparkled as she handed Ellen her teacup.

"The Laurels is let for six months."

"Well?"

"The new tenant is a poet!"

"All the poets are dead, but one. Is it a ghost that has taken The Laurels?"

"No; the one poet that is not dead—the poet of poets—your poet!" and the elder sister pointed triumphantly to a shelf in the bookcase where many shining covers bore the same great name.

Ellen leaned back in her chair. "It isn't true!" she murmured, faintly, though the suppressed excitement of her sister's expression carried conviction.

Rebecca nodded vigorously. "His next book is to be all about English villages and English landscape, so for a time he has left his warm corner in the South to come and dwell among his own people. Much good may it do them!"

Ellen was sailing on gold-ridged clouds and had no ear for the irreverent comment. "Rebecca, think!" she sighed. "We shall meet him in the fields, in the street! We may jostle one another in the post-office, in coming out of church! Though I don't think poets often go to church," she added, doubtfully. "They can hold services of praise without the help of a clergyman!"

"We shall certainly deal with the same butcher, as there's only one in the village," continued Rebecca, with a twinkle, "and perhaps have chops off the same loin. There's glory for you! But don't poets usually hide behind hedges and pull sombreros over their brows to avoid the gaze of the vulgar? So that, after all, we may never catch a glimpse of him! What do you say to that?"

"I say that I shall meet my poet face to face and hear the sound of his voice before many days have passed," said Ellen in triumphant prophecy as she solemnly rose and went upstairs to take off her things.

And Ellen was right. Far from flying the haunts of men, the poet was found to be of a social turn, and Mrs. Durrant, the vicar's wife, who had been the first to herald his advent to the sisters, gave a tea-party in his honour in the early days of his tenancy of The Laurels. The thought of the meeting disturbed Ellen's sleep for nights beforehand. She awaited it with tremulous awe.

"I feel like taking my shoes from off my feet!" she whispered to Rebecca, as, on the fateful afternoon, the two stood on the other side of the drawing-room door that yet screened from them the vision of greatness.

The poet was sitting in the midst of a circle of ladies, tempered by a contingent of the neighbouring clergy. His beautiful head and face were thrown back as he addressed them with half-closed eyes, and, to the trembling Ellen, deafened and dazzled by her emotions, it sounded as though he were reciting one of his own poems. When the singing in her ears had subsided, she caught that the subject of his discourse was the relative merit of the American Blue Point and the English native oyster. But to her it was all the same. It was her poet who spoke.

The gathering was a small one, and in due course the sisters were presented. Like other great men to whom appreciation has come late in life, this poet found it acceptable from all sources, and, his sensitiveness scenting a worshipper in Ellen, he marked her out for particular notice.

"I feel as if something wonderful had happened—and it has!" she said in an awe-struck whisper as the sisters left the house.

"Did you remark that he wore pink socks and patent leather boots?" asked Rebecca. Ellen vouchsafed no reply. She sat up half the night reading favourite passages from his books in the light of her new knowledge of him, and went to sleep to dream of Olympus and of taking the high gods by the hand. That meeting with the great man was destined to be one of a series. Once, he turned their parlour into a temple by deigning to take his tea there, and the cup out of which he had drunk was for ever after, in spite of Rebecca's remonstrance, proscribed from vulgar use. With an eye to business, not uncommon with his kind, he recognised that Ellen's enthusiasm could be made to take the form of active service, and her curious knowledge of odd corners of literature would be helpful in his present work. So it came about that she spent several hours a week in the library at The Laurels, hunting among works of reference, copying and translating, the ardour of her admiration knowing no abatement.

"Rebecca, I am living on the top of a mountain!" she said to her sister, her cheeks glowing.

"It's to be hoped, dear, you won't feel the change too badly when you come down again into the valley, for down you will have to come one day, you know," replied Rebecca. Then, with a glance at the two prim portraits on the walls, "What would our parents have said to it all, I wonder, with their dear old-world notions of chaperons and the proprieties?"

Ellen tossed her head, and her colour deepened. "They would have forgotten such things in such a connection. What they would have felt would have been pride that a child of theirs should be deemed worthy of admission to such company." And she stalked off indignantly to what had now become a daily mission of service.

It came to pass that Rebecca's doubts were not without justification. One day she heard her sister's knock with the inward comment that it was earlier than usual for her to be back from her place of worship. Ellen burst into the sitting-room dishevelled and flushed, and evidently very much upset. Before her sister had time to put a startled enquiry, she had flung herself on her knees beside her, and had buried her face, bonnet and all, in her lap. "Oh, Rebecca. Something dreadful has happened, something too dreadful for words!"

Rebecca patted and soothed, and after a minute her sister resumed, with something between a gasp and a sob, and without changing her posture, "It was when I found the passage he had been hunting for in Burton. He looked so pleased, and I was glad to see his pleasure, and we stood beaming at one another. And then, oh! suddenly, he put both hands on my shoulders and kissed me, Rebecca, kissed me! Whatever shall I do? You were right. . . . Our dear parents. . . . It's enough to make them turn in their graves!"

Rebecca looked a little shocked, but her gravity was soon broken by a whimsical smile. She laid her hand on her sister's bowed head. "I expect it was only a case of poetic licence. I shouldn't take it too much to heart, dear!"

Ellen continued to moan. "It has all been so splendid—this daily contact with great things. I had never dreamed of such honour. And now, how can I face him? How can I go on helping him? Why, he might even do it again. . . ." She added on a little shriek, covering with both hands the tear-stained face she had lifted from her sister's lap.

"There's no knowing but that he might," agreed Rebecca, with a shake of the head.

Ellen's sleep that night was broken by wild and feverish dreams. No shadow of personal romance had ever before fallen across her homely path, and now a chance bolt from Cupid's armoury caused no end of a flutter in the dove-cote of her breast. It was as a key, setting gates ajar, through which she caught glimpses of a world hitherto unrealised. In her waking moments she was torn as to her future course of action. To her delicacy it seemed as difficult to put an abrupt stop to her visits as to continue them. In the former case there would be questionings, explanations, an apology perhaps, the probing of the raw wound of her shame. She burned at the thought and, tossing and turning till daylight, wondered whether all human pleasure had to be paid for in pain.

She came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed, and only pretended to take her tea and toast. Rebecca tried to behave as though nothing had happened, and forbore comment on her sister's frequent visits during the day to her own room, with excuses about repairs to the cretonne hangings. But the following morning she proposed a walk down the village in a manner that Ellen recognised as disciplinary, and to which, fearful of any discussion, she consented, though full of inward tremors. She took twice as long as usual about putting on her hat and cloak; but there was no rebuke from the waiting Rebecca, who drew her sister's arm protectively through her own as the two stepped out into the sunny street. Ellen kept her veil down and walked with her eyes on the ground. She felt as though the passers-by must see what had happened in her face.

Outside the post-office they came suddenly face to face with the Poet. There was no possibility of avoiding his greeting, though Ellen would have been glad if the earth had opened and swallowed her. Rebecca showed a heightened colour, but his manner bore no trace of embarrassment nor of the consciousness that there was anything amiss. He stopped short and grasped and held a hand of each. "I am thankful to have met you dear ladies," he said. "I don't know how otherwise I should have found time to have taken my leave. I am called back in a hurry to my land beyond the seas on business, which, though trifling, necessitates my presence for the rest of the summer."

"With still three months of the lease of The Laurels to run!" exclaimed Rebecca, like Scriptural Martha, with an eye to the practical.

"I am afraid that must be sacrificed along with more precious things," sighed the Poet, with a smile. "The kindness you all have shown me, and the splendid help I have had from Miss—Miss Elizabeth"—with a grateful glance at Ellen—"together with this glorious April weather, make the parting with my England harder than ever to me. . . . Do you see there?" He stopped, and pointed to some swallows sailing across the blue. "Lucky birds! They are free to time their journeyings at the right season. They come when I must go. Good-bye, good-bye!" A pressure of hands, a smile, a wave of the hat, and he had left them, passing, presumably, for ever out of their lives.

And the sisters, too, went on their way.

"So that is the end of it!" said Rebecca, after a minute or two, in a matter-of-fact tone; but she tenderly patted the trembling hand that lay within her arm. Then, a little later, and Ellen still had not spoken, "And the best and the worst of this is," she quoted, softly, "That neither is most to blame, When *she* has forgotten his kisses, And he has forgotten . . ." But she stopped short, for Ellen had withdrawn her hand and was shivering and crying behind her veil.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE GRAVETYE PERGOLAS.—PERGOLA BETWEEN ARRIVAL COURT AND GARDEN SIDE.

WHERE any thought has been given to house design, it is usual to put the entrance court on the cold side of the building, and assuming that the varying conditions allow of it, it is the best way. The flower garden or choice private grounds should be as much a part of the home as a sitting-room is. In the case

here illustrated the main entrance was originally on the warm side where the gardens are, but a railway station coming near, there was a need of a new road, and then came the chance of putting the court on the cold side of the house. Then came the need for cutting off the arrival court from the grounds. My plans about this were very much hastened by a man coming one morning to tell me that he had several trucks of fish-manure at the station waiting for me to use, so I very soon made a good wall and this way through.

In France one sees ways of laying out the ground with an area of gravel all round the house, and a more stupid and ugly way could not be thought of. I once went with Edouard André, who had laid out many of the best gardens in France in this way, to a place he had made in Touraine. It had some pretty natural features, but the house was on an area of gravel as ugly as

a bit of Sahara and roomy enough for a squadron of horse to manoeuvre in. I said, "You did this in your youth; would you do it now?" He laughed and said he certainly would not.

In a diversified country it is possible to help each side of a house to a different prospect. In forming this pergola we took advantage of the garden wall, leaning the cross-pieces on that. The other pillars were made by an ordinary quarryman, who took the sandstone blocks out and put them up as shown. The height is unusual,

because we had to get hay from the south lawn through it. The plants are the Japanese and the ordinary Wistaria, Rose Réve d'Or, which is a free-growing, fine thing, and Paul's Crimson, and the climbing Polygonum of Northern Asia. The rest tells its own story. There is a little border of the common blue Hepatica in shade. This does far better there than the dull or quaintly coloured varieties. Where the border goes out in the sun, it does not do so well. The main cross-pieces are of Larch and the smaller ones of Chestnut; but

in all good work it is best to avoid supports from any such sources. All use of soft stems of Pine or Spruce should be given up as hopeless. Much effort is wasted with these, which begin to rot as soon as they are up. The best of all the woods of the Pine tribe usual in country places is the Larch. It is very good for the main cross-pieces and all out of the ground, using old, close-grown trees if we



PERGOLA BETWEEN ARRIVAL COURT AND GARDEN SIDE.

may. We may see it in fine use in its own mountain country in Central Europe, lasting long in and about buildings; but there it is slow and hard grown on the bare ribs of the sharp-sided mountains as in the Tyrol, whereas in our land it is often planted on good rich soil, and therefore we cannot expect the same endurance. If we try home-grown Larch as the main supports of the pergola, it will do better than Pine or Spruce, but Larch rots below in no time, and later has to be replaced with something more enduring. Therefore, every experience teaches the wisdom of getting lasting main supports; and though the use of Pine of any kind as supports may at first seem cheap, the work will later be found to have been a mere waste of time and labour, much better spent in brick or stone. With the cross and upper pieces it is different, and in these good Larch without "sap" is most useful. In a roomy pergola we may want long pieces of wood going the long way of the structure as well as the main and large cross pieces. These may be of rather small Larch, and they will last much longer if sawn in two. For the main support, if we use wood, the best is heart of Oak.

WM. ROBINSON.

LONG-SPURRED COLUMBINES.

BEFORE the season for planting herbaceous flowers has departed, it may be useful to refer to the long-spurred Columbines. Although these are a comparatively new race, they have already superseded the older types of this flower. This is not to be wondered at, because the long, graceful spurs which characterise the flowers of the new-comers impart to them lightness and delicate poise which are altogether lacking in the old varieties. But form is not the only improvement. In place of dull purple, white and old rose colours we now have much greater variety, including delicate shades of blue, soft red and golden yellow. The plants, unfortunately, have shorter lives than their prototypes had, but as they are not expensive to buy and are easily raised from seeds, this is not a serious drawback. A lawn bed planted with these new Columbines would be a most attractive and unique feature, and one that any keen lover of hardy flowers would be proud to possess. In the border they are best grouped in clusters of three, five or seven, according to the size of the border. Any good garden soil that is not over-wet suits them well. For cut flowers they are exceedingly pretty, especially in artificial light, but they should only be arranged with the foliage which is found on their own stems.

THE TUFTED PANSIES.

Although under ordinary conditions those who have to garden in the Southern Counties cannot grow to perfection the beautiful large-flowered Pansies that our Northern friends are wont to display for our delectation, we have an excellent substitute in the charming tufted Pansies or Violas. Indeed, there are few plants of lowly stature that are capable of giving us such bounteous displays over so long a period as these, and their cultivation is, happily, by no means difficult. It is true that they demand fairly cool soil, but in most gardens this can be provided. In many the soil is naturally cool, but in those where sand predominates, and which are, consequently, hot during the summer, the addition of plenty of cow-manure will help the plants considerably. Whatever the soil may be, rather heavy manuring should be adopted, but for clayey soils use well-decayed stable manure. For carpeting Rose-beds, and beds of thin-growing shrubs, the tufted Pansies are well adapted, and for edging informal pathways few plants can equal them. March and early April is the time usually selected for planting, although a few growers prefer to do the work in the autumn, especially where the soil is very porous. In addition to the Violas proper there is the beautiful race known as Violettas or miniature tufted Pansies. To many these are even more attractive than the larger kinds, their dwarf habit and charming little flowers possessing a quaint and unique beauty. There are many good varieties, the following being some of the best for general purposes: Violas—Archibald Grant, purple; Bullion, golden yellow; Countess of Kintore, purple, veined white; Countess of Hopetoun, white; Isolda, rich yellow; J. B. Riding, deep mauve; Marchioness, cream; Snowflake, white; True Blue, deep blue. Violettas—Blue Bonnet, lavender blue; Gold Crest, rich yellow; Maggie Steel, primrose; Marginata, white, edged blue; Violetta, white.

TREE PÆONIES.

Although the varieties of the Tree Pæony, *Pæonia Moutan*, are quite hardy in this country, the young shoots on which we have to depend for blossoms frequently get damaged by cutting winds and frosts in spring, owing to the fact that these tender growths are pushed forth so early. For this reason those who would plant these delightful Pæonies ought to select a position sheltered as much as possible from north and east winds, yet not where the sun shines early in the morning. The latter does considerable harm to the young shoots when they are frozen by thawing them rapidly. Much may be done to protect these shrubs during the early stages of their growth in spring by fixing up some light wire or wooden screen over which mats could be fastened at night and allowed to remain until fairly late the next morning if severe frost had been experienced. A well-grown tree Pæony is such a beautiful sight when in full flower that it is well worth while going to this little trouble to preserve the growths from injury.

TWO BEAUTIFUL SAXIFRAGES.

Among the vast array of spring flowers that were exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on the 6th inst., several kinds of Saxifrages were exceptionally pretty. Some of these, such as the scarlet-stemmed *S. Grisebachii*, are not easy plants to grow; but two beautiful varieties of *S. oppositifolia* that were shown might be cultivated to perfection by anyone possessing a small rocky elevation. One of these varieties was named *oppositifolia splendens*. This had large, deep rose-coloured blossoms, which, with the hard green foliage, formed a beautiful and quite unique carpet. The grouping of the plants in a mass, as was done in this instance, demonstrated in a forcible manner what a charming effect could be obtained in the rock garden itself were this system of planting adopted, instead of, as is too often the case, arranging small plants in twos or threes, or as solitary specimens. Another variety to which I would draw attention is *oppositifolia alba*, and, as its name implies, it had white

flowers. These are rather smaller than those of *splendens*, but are just as freely produced, and the plants have the same dwarf, carpeting habit. For planting between the chinks of stone pathways or steps, any of the varieties—and there are a number—of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* are admirably adapted. H.

SPORT AND TRAVEL
IN THE THIRSTLAND.

LEUTENANT ARNOLD HODSON, of the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police, has, in his narrative, "Trekking the Great Thirst: Travel and Sport in the Kalahari Desert" (Fisher Unwin, 1912), produced one of the most interesting volumes on South Africa that have been published for the last twenty years. The value of this book lies chiefly in the fact that it describes with great accuracy and truthfulness a very large expanse of country, which, owing to its lack of water and communications, and the appalling difficulties and dangers of travel, has remained to the present day practically as unknown to the outer world as when Livingstone first trekked through it in 1849. The Kalahari Desert is an immense tract of level country which lies between the western borders of Bechuanaland and the eastern limits of German South-West Africa. It carries plenty of grass, a great deal of bush and large areas of timber, consisting principally of giraffe acacia and mopani. Here and there, at the scanty pits and pans of water, are small settlements of natives—Bakalahari, Masarwa Bushmen and Hottentots. Some of these people, during the parched season of African winter—May to October—are deprived by Nature of the small supply of water upon which they rely during the rest of the year, and are thus reduced, like the wild game of the desert, to quench their thirst with the wild water-melons, which in places often grow very abundantly. Cattle, goats and horses also devour these melons; and travellers and hunters have often been saved from a terrible death from thirst by the supplies of desert fruit thus provided.

This strange and little-known country is, over much of its area, by no means of forbidding aspect. The long grass is good, especially after the rains; forest and bush are plentiful, and the terrain often bears the aspect of English park-land. Yet surface water is everywhere terribly scarce, and some of the treks are as much as one hundred and ten miles, through heavy sand, from pit to pit. Game is plentiful, and over much of the Kalahari wander plenty of springbok, hartebeest, gemsbok, blue wildebeest, eland, giraffe, ostrich, steenbok and duiker. Lions, leopards, cheeta, rooikat (African lynx) and other carnivora are found wherever water yields them a chance of existence; for, unlike the desert antelopes and giraffes, which can exist for months without drinking, the carnivora must have water constantly. In the more northern portions of the desert, sable and roan antelope, koodoo, tsesseby, impala, reedbuck, bushbuck and other game are also plentiful; while on the river systems of Ngamiland and the Chobi the lechwe waterbuck and the rare situtunga are found.

Mr. Hodson, in the course of his various and manifold duties, has wandered over more of the Kalahari Desert than any previous white man whom we can recall. He has performed arduous duties and conducted delicate and difficult diplomatic missions in such a manner as to earn the thanks not only of the Resident Commissioner, but of Lord Selborne, High Commissioner for South Africa. Especially was this the case during the German-Damara War in 1905, when a number of unfortunate Damaras were driven over the border into British territory, and were suffering terribly in that inhospitable country from thirst, hunger and small-pox.

Mr. Hodson's book resolves itself into several distinct phases, all of them equally interesting. His earlier travels deal with the southern portion of the Kalahari, where he wandered very far afield over difficult and often utterly unknown country collecting hut-tax. We have next his diplomatic mission to the extreme west of the desert, to deal with the difficult problem of the fugitive and suffering Damaras. Following upon this came a long expedition to Ngamiland, wherein he accompanied his chief, Sir Ralph Williams (now Governor of Newfoundland) on a delicate and troublesome business connected with the chieftainship of the Batawana people. The Batawana are a tribe of northern Bechuanas, an offshoot of the Bamangwato, still ruled by Khama. In this very interesting expedition, after crossing the desert and following the Botletli River to Lake Ngami, a month's stay was made at Tsau for the purpose of dealing with the political crisis. Finally, Seghoma, the Regent, was deposed, Mathibe, son of Moremi, declared chief, and a native civil war nipped in the bud. Seghoma, it may be mentioned, who was removed to the lower part of the Protectorate, is still endeavouring to assert his rights in the English Courts. Lake Ngami, once an imposing sheet of water, has during the last thirty years been reduced, by the gradual process of

desiccation, to a mere swamp. This same process is going forward in various parts of Africa, and, thousands of miles north of Ngami, Lake Chad is drying up in the same mysterious manner. All round Lake Ngami, however, the deserts of the Northern Kalahari are refreshed and beautified by a network of river systems, such as the Botletli, Tamalakaa, Okavango, Chobi and other waters.

From Tsau the travellers went north to the Chobi, ferrying their waggons across various rivers, and, finally, making their way to the Victoria Falls and the railway. Following upon this expedition, Mr. Hodson was entrusted with the removal of Sekghoma Khama and a portion of the Bamangwato tribe from Lophepe, on the edge of the desert, to Sebanene, on the Nata River. Sekghoma and his father, Khama, had quarrelled, and it became necessary to accomplish this removal. This mission was again successfully carried through by the author.

Finally, upon Mr. Hodson fell the difficult task of conducting the High Commissioner (Lord Selborne) and his Staff and a large outfit on a long hunting trip through the drought-stricken regions of the Mababi Veld to the Chobi River and thence eastward to the Zambesi. The few people who know the Mababi, which lies in the heart of the Northern Kalahari, are aware that, although a good game country, it is extremely difficult of access by reason of the great scarcity of water on the way thither. This difficulty was accentuated by the fact that the trek began late in September, at the very driest and most trying period of the South African winter season. However, after two preliminary trips to search out a possible route, Mr. Hodson successfully brought off a most masterly feat, and conducted Lord Selborne safely through the "thirsts" until the Chobi and a good water supply were reached. His Excellency and his Staff enjoyed on this expedition some fine sport, and will probably long remember their experiences in this little-known part of Africa.

During his many expeditions in these vast and lonely Thirstlands, the author has enjoyed a great deal of varied sport with many

in an introductory note, has many pleasant things to say of his old lieutenant; and Mr. F. C. Selous, in a "foreword," bears witness to the great value of this book. H. A. BRYDEN.

A COAST BULWARK.

LASHED into fury by winter gales, the angry sea threatens to devour the land, but the real forces of destruction are often more insidious than the curling waves. To counteract them a flank movement may be more successful



W. B. Crump.

RICE-GRASS ON MUD FLATS.

Copyright.

than a direct attack, and Nature's own materials and devices are the surest means to employ. True, these materials come from the waste of the land, but when accumulated they may arrest all further destruction. No barrier is more effective than a shingle bank, and groynes devised to stop the travel of beach material along the coast convert one of the great agents of destruction into a defence. On other coasts the accumulation of blown sand and the growth

of sand-dunes have converted a loss of land into a gain. But dunes are in themselves too mobile to afford permanent protection until they are reinforced by the growth of marram grass and converted into the fixed dunes, beloved of the golfer, by the plant societies that follow in its wake. At the Norman Conquest the Norfolk Broads were an inlet of the sea, and the land is still only protected by a line of sand-dunes from Happisburgh to Winterton. Though breaches are made from time to time, marram grass is found to be the most effective agency in maintaining the barrier.

Quite distinct are the plants that give stability to the tracts of tidal mud exposed only at low water. Around the Wash the pioneer land-winner is the glasswort, or samphire, as it is called locally. A small cactus-like annual that thinly carpets the mud-flats between the neap and the spring high tides, the samphire has the hardest of struggles for existence. But it proves an excellent mud gatherer, and slowly the mud bank rises beyond the reach of all but the highest tides. Then the samphire gives place to the

more varied vegetation of the salt marsh, which is in turn consolidated and converted into marsh pasture.

But a new-comer has arisen in the vanguard of our coasts with startling suddenness. The recent history of the mud-flats in the neighbourhood of Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight can only be described as sensational, for they furnish an unparalleled example of rapid colonisation. The soft rocks of the Hampshire basin provide abundant material for the accumulation of broad banks of mud, such as fringe the drowned valleys and creeks that open out of the Solent and



W. B. Crump.

SALT MARSH (NORFOLK.)

Copyright.

Atriplex portulacoides (bushes); *Salicornia radicans* (one mat in foreground); *S. annua* (foreground in water).

kinds of game. The list of animals shot, shown on page 349, is a very imposing one, and denotes that Mr. Hodson has travelled far and worked very hard for his trophies. Hunting in the waterless Kalahari, it ought always to be remembered, is infinitely more trying and more dangerous than in those pleasanter parts of Africa where water is abundant. During his last trip, with Lord Selborne, the author had an extraordinary adventure at close quarters with a lioness, which ended in the death of the lioness, but in the loss of a favourite hunting-pony, which was badly mauled. How Mr. Hodson escaped in the *mélée* is a marvel. Sir Ralph Williams,

Spithead. To-day these mud-flats are everywhere crowned by a grass that was unnamed, and all but unknown, thirty years ago; a grass that is still, with all the vigour of youth, occupying fresh territory every year. Our photographs show this picturesque rice-grass in full possession of what were but a few years ago barren and desolate wastes of mud. The recognition of its importance is due to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who brought it to the notice of the recent Royal Commission on Coast Erosion. It has spread so rapidly near Beaulieu that, in the words of Lord Montagu, "on my foreshore, on one mud-flat . . . where you had to walk about in mud pattens when I was shooting there as a boy, you can now walk with ordinary shooting boots almost anywhere." In consequence of this evidence the Royal Commission consulted the authorities at Kew, who sent Dr. Otto Stapf, F.R.S., to investigate the circumstances.

Briefly, the facts are that there are three forms of rice-grass growing on these Hampshire salt marshes. The smallest species, *Spartina stricta*, has been known since the seventeenth century, and occurs all along the South-East Coast from Devon to Lincolnshire. But it has never proved a very vigorous coloniser and land-winner, and it never descends much below high-water mark. The second species, *Spartina alterniflora*, appears to have crossed the Atlantic (with or without human aid) early in the last century. At any rate, it was discovered in the Itchen estuary in 1836, and appeared in the Titchfield Creek, further down Southampton Water, in 1872. About this date Townsend, the author of a Flora of Hampshire, observed a new variety or species at Hythe, on the other side of the Water. It was not described till 1881, when it was named *Spartina Townsendi*.

Townsend's rice-grass is the new-comer that has proved so successful an invader of these muddy shores. From Hythe it arrived at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight in 1893, and in the Medina estuary in 1895. It now completely covers the mud-banks in the Yar. On the mainland it has reached Poole Harbour in the west, Hayling and Chichester on the east, and has recently appeared at the south-west corner of Kent. All the length of Southampton Water the mud-flats, which are uncovered for a period of eight days between the spring tides, are now wholly dominated by a pure growth of it. The vigour of Townsend's rice-grass is to be attributed to its hybrid nature, for it is believed to have arisen spontaneously by the natural crossing of the two species *Spartina stricta* and *Spartina alterniflora*, that grow side by side in Southampton Water. It closely resembles the latter in appearance and habit, but is distinguished from it by the flowering spikes being raised above the leaves, which also make a greater angle with the stem than in the



W. B. Crump.

RICE-GRASS ON HAYLING ISLAND.

Copyright.

parent plant. Both grow in characteristic circular patches, and present a bold, attractive appearance. *Spartina alterniflora* does not appear to be ousted by the competition of its offspring. They exist side by side, and with their stout stems and strong roots prove very effective mud-gatherers and mud-binders. But the hybrid excels in the rapidity with which it colonises bare ground. The other parent, *Spartina stricta*, though it enters less into direct competition, is more likely to be influenced by the new conditions, as its range seawards is bound to become more restricted.

The practical application is obvious. Townsend's rice-grass is as valuable an ally in coast defence as marram grass has proved to be. It appears in every way fitted for introduction to alluvial flats and foreshores, where their growth and consolidation is desirable, as it is certain to accelerate the process of reclamation. Marsh samphire does not lend itself at all to artificial introduction. But there does not appear to be any drawback to the employment of rice-grass. It only requires a big clump to be dug up and divided into suitable pieces, and these planted in mud below high-water of spring tides, to establish it elsewhere as a coast bulwark. W. B. CRUMP.

RULES FOR GOOD MILKING.

BY this post I have received my copy of the *Agricultural Journal of the Union of South Africa*, and in it there is a most interesting article on the production of milk. Many people are now reading the complaints published broadcast about the contamination of the milk supply; but few of those people know the almost insuperable difficulties the dairyman meets in his efforts to produce absolutely pure milk on the market. May I give the following paragraphs from the *Union Journal*, quoting Professor Behring at a meeting of the German Council of Agriculture? "The milk of a normal milch cow, an ideal milch cow, kept under perfectly healthy and clean conditions, should contain no germs whatever. As a matter of fact, however, there are few such normal cows in our houses. We have carried out a great number of excessively troublesome experiments, and have convinced ourselves that a cow may have a positively healthy appearance, and yet yield an enormous quantity of bacteria from her udder. There is no defect perceptible in herself or her udder, and yet in a sample of her milk sphæro-bacteria are found coming from one teat alone in such enormous quantities that this single cow is capable of spoiling the milk of the whole dairy." Flies and insect life play a great part in the contamination of milk and the spread of taints in the dairy, for being, as they are, the carriers of germs, they come in contact with the milk and all utensils. To reduce this danger the writer gives the following rules:

- Thorough cleanliness with cow.
- Thorough cleanliness in milking.
- Thorough cleanliness in yards, stables, etc.
- Thorough cleanliness of all utensils.
- Thorough cleanliness of dairy or room where milk is stored, and freedom from objectionable odours.
- Purity of water.
- Freedom from taint caused by weeds and plants in feed.



W. B. Crump.

A CREEK AT LOW TIDE, WITH RICE GRASS.

Copyright.

Skilled and careful treatment of milk before it reaches factory or consumer—and, further:

Card, brush and wash cows.

Wash and wipe flanks and udders.

Wash and dry teats.

Milk after hands have been washed cleanly.

Milk with dry hands.

Milk in a clean place and into a clean vessel with strainer.

Be clean in manners and clothes.

As one interested in dairying, both in this country and Southern Rhodesia, may I call attention to the following facts: (1) The dairy-farmer has generally a great many other things to do besides personally superintending the milking of the cows. (2) Milking in England is performed by a class of men as a rule not very highly educated, and from necessity not very highly paid. (3) The milkers have to perform other farmwork besides milking. (4) Every dairy-farmer knows that it becomes harder day by day to find people who will milk at all. The mere fact that cows have to be milked on Sundays is a sufficient deterrent to the average farm labourer.—HAROLD TAGART.

THE DIPPER.



A. Brook.

A HAPPY PAIR.

Copyright.

TO a mere Londoner, the water-ousel, or dipper, cannot be called a bird of common occurrence. If, however, one will describe an arc of, roughly, a hundred miles radius from London, then, in the area beyond this, he is well distributed and by no means rare. Yet he is of a somewhat retiring nature, and as he seldom strays far from the sides of rock-strewn rivers and rapid streams, he is comparatively little known. Of the many thousands of tourists who annually visit Wales or Devonshire, for instance, I wonder what proportion would know a dipper at sight! Indeed, I have tested this even with some who have lived near his haunts all their lives and, though not without sympathy for Wild Nature, they have never seen this feathered genius of our mountain streams. His acquaintance is reserved for the pedestrian who walks for delight, not distance, and who enjoys a scramble among the boulders of a torrent stream, for the angler, and for those who care to spare a little patience in following his movements in his own favourite and favoured haunts.

As types of the localities where the dipper may be found, I would mention the short and rapid though very charming rivers of North Wales, which issue in such numbers from the Cambrian Mountains, the waters which contribute so much to the beauty of the

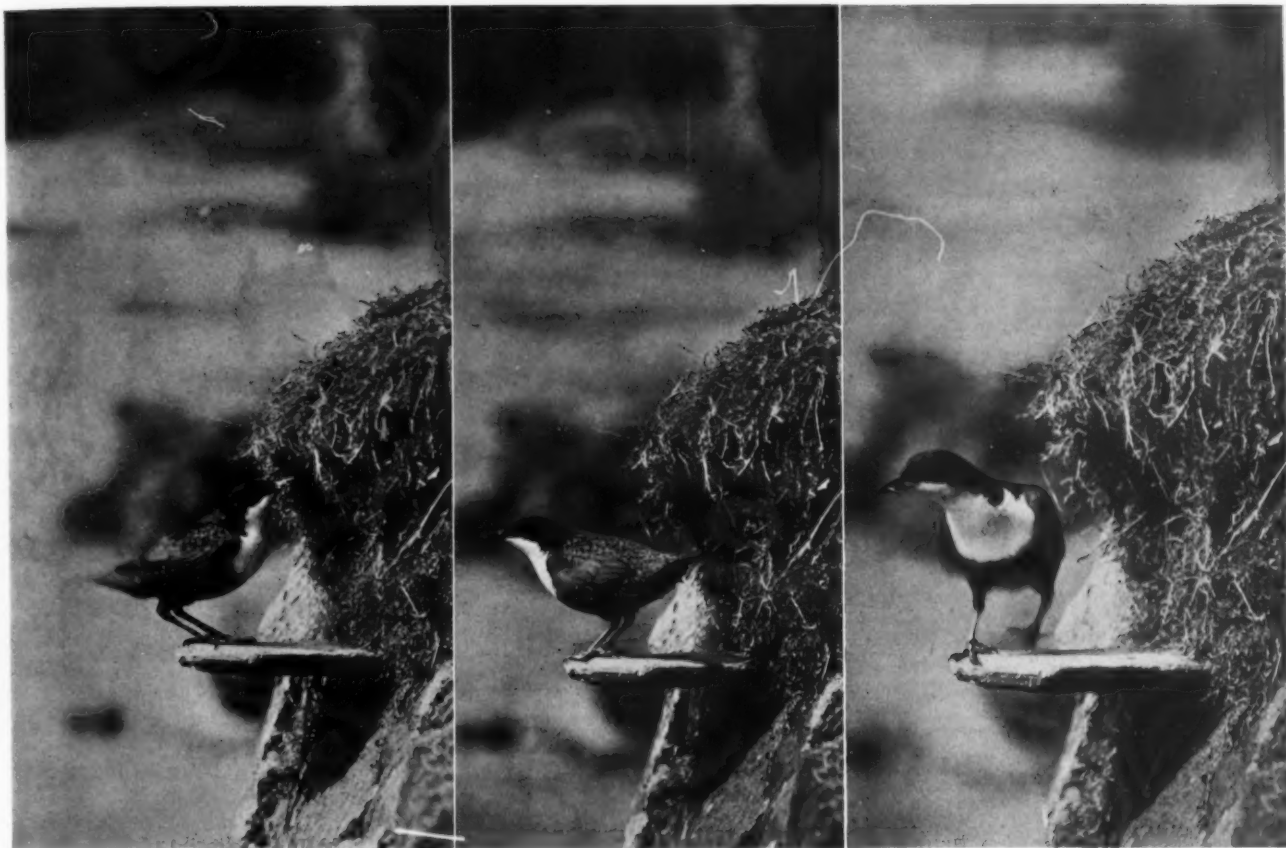
Derbyshire dales, and some of the narrower and more rapid rivers of the Northern Counties and the Lake District.

In the South are the Devonshire rivers, and some of the tributaries of the Wye and Severn. Many of the rivers of Scotland and Ireland are also suited to his needs. The water-ousel is a small bird, about twice the size of a wren and of a similar general build. Its back and lower parts are black, the head of a blackish brown colour; the breast is of a beautiful clear white, and there is a band of ruddy brown below, where the breast colour meets that of the lower parts. Its mode of life is unique among the English Passeres (the so-called perching birds), for its food consists of aquatic insects and their larvæ and such-like creatures, which it seeks below the surface of the water itself.

From an ambush we will watch a bird seated on the edge of a rock in the midst of a rapid shallow stream. He glides off into the water, immediately diving below, and through the clear water we can see his body move along, guided by the feet, which seem to feel their way along the bottom. He remains below the surface for quite a long time, then comes up on to his rock to rest for breath. Again and again he plunges thus, and so scours a large volume of water in pursuing his busy trade.



A. Brook. THE DIPPER ON THE NEST. Copyright.



A. Brook.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF ITS NEST.

Copyright.

Where the water is very shallow, his movements, half immersed, are extremely graceful; indeed, at times he glides so smoothly that he seems to be floating on the water and not walking on the bottom. Now he watches for a swimming insect, now dips his beak below to catch it. Next he flies to a neighbouring stone, and in alighting uses the impetus of his flight to skim a short distance over the water before settling.

When satisfied with the morning's sport, he comes out of the water, shakes his feathers into position after his bath, and then commences preening them. More often, however, when we catch sight of him, he is standing on a large stone in mid-stream indulging in the "bobbing" motion of his whole body. Opinion seems to be divided as to whether the bird derives its popular name from its habit of dipping into the water in search of its food, or from this "bobbing" or dipping motion of its body. The motion at first sight appears to denote uneasiness, but when I say that I have watched a single bird perform thus for an hour, with short intervals, one cannot attribute the action to nervousness. It seems to be on a plane with, for instance, the tail movement in the wagtails.

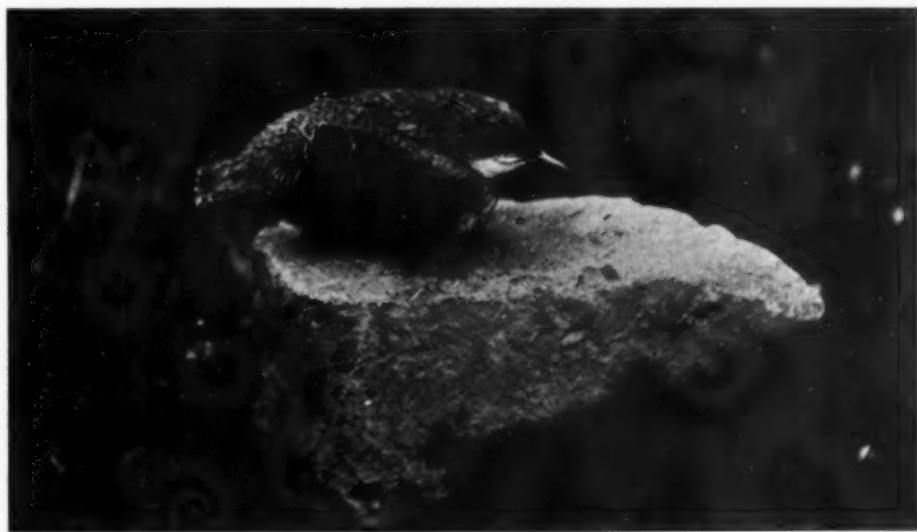
In watching the ways of the water-ousel, it is best to be hidden behind some tree or boulder, for not only is the bird shy, but he is very sharp to recognise an observer. I have often noticed that at the sight of an intruder the birds quicken their flight and seem to dart away from him. This flight is usually very direct, and low over the surface of the stream; the short

wings are moved very rapidly. When compelled to rise higher, the dipper seems very awkward, and usually descends as soon as possible and continues his flight but a few feet above the water. Although he will, upon occasion, perch in a low bush, this is exceptional, the boulders in the river itself being much more frequently used.

The dipper is one of the birds which nest earliest with us; during March building operations are well in progress. The nest, which is neatly made of moss, is round and domed. It is usually placed well concealed in the bank of a stream, but various sites are chosen, as, for instance, in the stump of a bush by the river-side. One very good example was in the space left by a brick dislodged from beneath a low foot-bridge over a small stream in Devonshire. Four, five or six eggs are laid, of a clear white colour, and the birds are very attentive to the young when hatched. The dipper's song has not a very great range of tone, but it is lively and pleasing; the call or alarm note is much more frequently heard, especially when one bird is following another rapidly down stream. It might be written "zwit, zwit," repeated at short intervals.

The water-ousel is essentially a pleasant little bird; he appeals to us by the homeliness of his plumage and his form, and by the lively activity of his movements. And for me, he has, in common with the ring-ousel, that sprite of the moorland, more of the spirit of the wild and free than any other of our smaller birds.

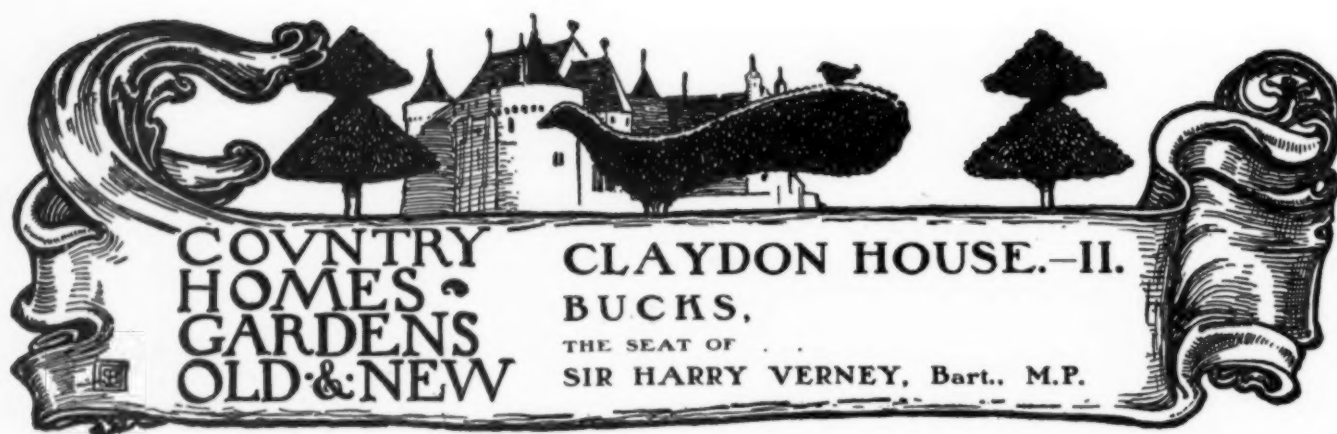
J. E. S. DALLAS.



A. Brook.

THE YOUNG DIPPER.

Copyright.



LAST week the story of the Verneys of Claydon was carried as far as the death in 1696 of Sir Ralph at the ripe age of eighty-four. The *Verney Memoirs* are carried no further, and the story of the family in the

eighteenth century has to be sought in the political memoirs of the period. Sir Ralph was succeeded by his second son, John, who inherited his father's steadfastness of purpose, and

added to it a shrewd business judgment. Margaret, Lady Verney, neatly sums up his younger life by describing him as "the industrious apprentice"; and his achievement exceeded even that of Hogarth's typical lad, for he marched through commercial success and political distinction to a Viscounty. Sir Ralph showed fine common-sense in apprenticing the boy to a London citizen and merchant, thus reviving that Verney connection with the City on which the family's fortunes had been founded in the fifteenth century. While his friends and neighbours in the county were playing at soldiering, young John was sticking to his desk, and when he was twenty-one sailed for the Syrian port of Aleppo, there to serve in the factory of his masters, Gabriel and William Roberts. For a time things went rather ill with him, for the Roberts family was close-fisted, but a partnership was granted him after a few years and he came home in 1674. Almost at once he becomes an important man in the City, busy with the affairs of the Levant, East Indian and Royal African Companies, even conferring with the King at Windsor on high questions of commercial policy. It is evident that his clear head and practice in affairs made him very valuable to his old father, for his elder brother, Edmund, was rather a broken reed. Seven years after John succeeded to the baronetcy on Sir Ralph's death, he was made Viscount Fermanagh in the peerage of Ireland. His son Ralph followed politics and was advanced to an earldom, which fell by his death to his second son, another Ralph, second Earl Verney. It was to his taste and magnificent ideas that Claydon House owed its rebuilding. Born about 1712, he succeeded in 1752 to extensive estates. His characteristic extravagance is indicated by the fact that not only at home and on State occasions, but on his journeys, he was attended by a band of musicians. His gorgeous equipage must have made a stir in the quiet Buckinghamshire lanes as he went to town, for a brace of tall negroes with silver French horns decorated his coach and six, and perpetually performed, "blowing very joyfully



Copyright THE LOWEST FLIGHT OF THE GREAT STAIRCASE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE GREAT STAIRCASE: THE FIRST LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to behold and see." He was, in fact, one of the last of the English nobility to mark his pride of race by an ostentatious luxury. Being an Irish Peer, he was free to sit in the House of Commons, and sustained the tradition of the family by supporting the Whigs. One notable service he did by establishing Burke in political life. Himself member for Wendover in 1753, as his father had been before him, he was sitting for Carmarthen in 1765, and nominated Burke for Wendover, one of his pocket boroughs. In 1768 there was another election. Verney was returned for the County of Bucks and retained his seat until 1785. At Wendover things did not go so well. Burke was safely elected, but a bold lace-maker of the town put up Sir Robert Darling at the last moment for

wealthy and lavish. That same year, 1768, Burke had bought Gregories, an estate in Bucks, for over twenty thousand pounds, of which some was raised by mortgage. Perhaps part of Verney's money made up the balance. Fifteen years later Verney sued Burke unsuccessfully for six thousand pounds, alleged to have been lent to him in the spring of 1769. Burke denied the debt, and said the sum reached him as the result of some stockjobbing transactions between Verney, himself and his brother and cousin, also friends of Verney. By 1774 Verney's affairs were in a serious muddle, and an election arising, he was unable to find the money to run Burke for Wendover, so the latter went to Bristol for a seat. They, however, continued very friendly, and Burke said of the Earl, "no man in

England has been so indulgent, humane and moderate a landlord on an estate of considerable extent, or a greater protector to all the poor within his reach." The great Whig found it convenient to forget the six months during which the Tories of Wendover had to take to their tents and were the Ishmaels of Verney's displeasure. The Earl's own political fortunes went smoothly until 1785, when for Bucks County the two seats were sought by three candidates — Grenville, Aubrey and Verney. The Earl was at the bottom of the poll, but a petition was presented to the House of Commons. Matters then dragged so wearily that Verney threw up the sponge and Aubrey was declared duly elected. It cost him, however, no less than fifty thousand pounds. The perils of politics in those days also find a pretty illustration in the incidents of the poll. The hustings were pulled down and the free and independent voters rioted to such good purpose that eighty of them were put in Aylesbury Gaol. That pestilential place reeked with spotted fever. Though the rioters were released after the election, they carried the infection all round the country, with disastrous results. Throughout his political career Verney strongly supported Rockingham and Fox, but his services were never recognised by the Whig leaders, and the expense of his elections contributed to the ruin of his fortunes. The root of the trouble, however, was his magnificent carelessness. As Burke said of him, "It is past all description, past all conception, the supineness neglect and blind security of my friend



Copyright

AT THE TOP OF THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the second seat, and Verney's man lost the seat. This infuriated him, and he promptly turned all his Wendover tenants out of doors, a sentence not revoked for six months. During that time they lived in tents, and "in all the sorrow of penitence, until a promise of good behaviour in future so far softened the rigour of this nobleman's resentment as to suffer them all, with some few exceptions, to repossess their former dwellings." No doubt these Wendover pariahs in politics sighed for vote by ballot. The relations between Verney and Burke were certainly intimate, but they remain obscure. In the same year Verney gave the orator twenty thousand pounds, and one chronicler adds the comment, "for what political purpose can only be conjectured." Probably politics had very little to do with it. Burke was poor and tended to extravagance. Verney was

in everything that concerns him. He suspects nothing, fears nothing, he takes no precautions, he imagines all mankind to be his friend." And Burke knew him, for by 1784 he and his kinsman, William, were owing Verney seventy-one thousand pounds between them. At this date things looked very black, yet Verney dashed into the election already described, which probably cost him, as it did his opponent Aubrey, fifty thousand pounds. His creditors could stand it no longer, and trustees were appointed to administer his estate. While they were doling him out a pittance to live on (probably the band and the negroes with their silver trumpets had disappeared by then), the election of 1790 was announced. Verney was the popular candidate, and, money or no money, Bucks wanted him in Parliament. His trustees' feelings may be imagined, and his agent

said he would try to limit the expenses to twelve or fifteen thousand pounds. Verney was elected for the last time, and the county shivered with excitement. Two hundred gentlemen breakfasted at Claydon House, and three hundred of the commonalty gathered up the fragments. After that—the deluge. The bailiff walked in and seized everything. The Countess

house and gardens of Stowe. Hardly was his father, the first Earl, dead than Verney pulled down a wing of the old house, and boasted that Claydon House should surpass Stowe in glory. The original manor was known as Middle Claydon, to distinguish it from the neighbouring East Claydon, Botyl Claydon and Steeple Claydon. The four Claydons group with



Copyright.

THE GOTHIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

died, and it is said that Verney only saved himself from seizure by escaping in the hearse. A few weeks later he was dead, and with him the title became extinct.

So far we have seen him as politician, but the accompanying photographs establish him as also the man of taste. Between the Temples of Stowe and the Verneys there had been political rivalries, and the Earl was sick of hearing the praises of the

Hillesdon, and lie between Aylesbury and Buckingham. Of the building that stood on the manor when the fifteenth century Sir Ralph bought it there is no record. From then until 1620 the manor was leased to the Giffards, who certainly rebuilt the adjoining church, and probably the house also. Two old drawings exist of the house as it was in the seventeenth century, and copies of these made by Lipscomb are now reproduced, as



Copyright.

DADO IN GOTHIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

DOORWAYS IN GOTHIC ROOM.

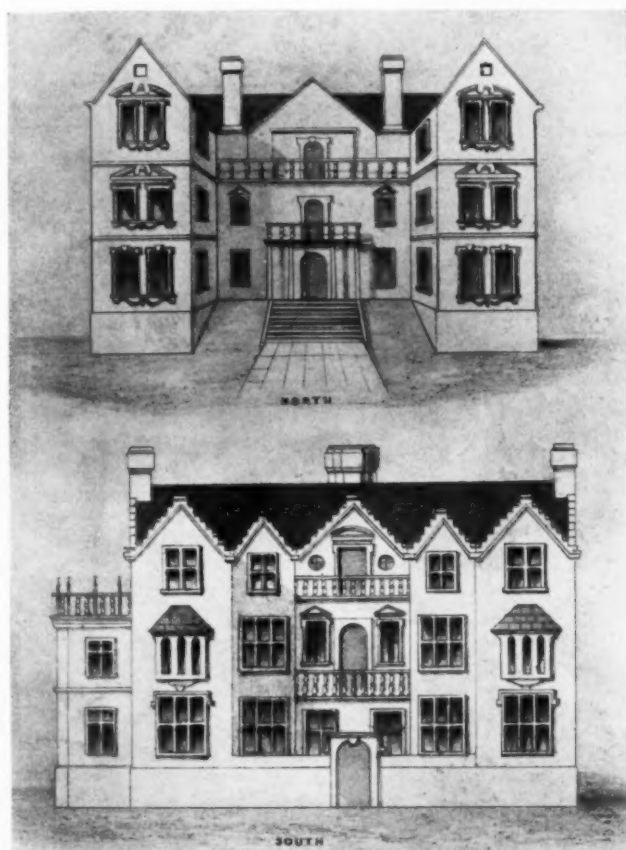
"COUNTRY LIFE."

they are clearer than the originals, which appear in the *Verney Memoirs*. They show a building probably Tudor in origin, with crow-stepped gables, oriels and pedimented windows, the last probably inserted in the seventeenth century. Early in the eighteenth century Sir John, first Viscount Fermanagh, enlarged his home, but the nature of the work then done is unknown. He also added to the family estates the manor of East Claydon, which he bought in 1728. The second Earl employed, it is believed, Robert Adam as his architect. In order that the disposition of the present house may be understood, the plan as Adam devised it is now reproduced, in addition to the plan of the principal rooms as they are to-day. The present entrance is on the north-west side, and from the forecourt there are two short flights of steps, one of which leads directly through a door into what is now called the North Hall.

This indicates quite clearly that the disposition is irregular, and the mystery is cleared up by a reference to the original plan. As Adam left the house there was a wing stretching northwards from the North Hall (then the parlour). It consisted of a great rotunda, originally the entrance hall, and a ballroom opening from it on one side. The rotunda was in Adam's most magnificent manner, a cube of fifty feet, containing a circle of lofty columns of artificial jasper supporting an entablature and gallery. The latter was protected by an iron balustrade, possibly like the railing of the great staircase. It was roofed by a dome encircled by a stone balustrade and finished above with a round belvedere, from the windows of which the eye could sweep several counties. Crowning it all was a great gilt pineapple, which formed a landmark to the country-side. The ballroom was a great double cube, after the manner of Inigo Jones at Wilton, and a drawing-room and corridor adjoined it on the east. Its ceiling had a plaster relief of gods and goddesses, modelled by an Italian artist long employed at Claydon, one Patroli. To him perhaps are also to be attributed other works in the house, such as the plaster medallions on the stairs. When Mary Verney succeeded in 1791 she seems to have found the magnificence of her heritage somewhat overpowering, for she had the rotunda and ballroom wing pulled down and a simple front built to finish the northern end. During the nineteenth century considerable alterations were made to the southern front of the house; bay windows were added and the servants' quarters remodelled. The character of this work suggests 1860 as the date of it. It presents no features of interest, and is, therefore, not shown on the plan which exhibits the disposition of the great rooms by Adam that still remain on the ground floor.

So far it has been taken for granted that the Verney tradition of Adam's authorship of the work

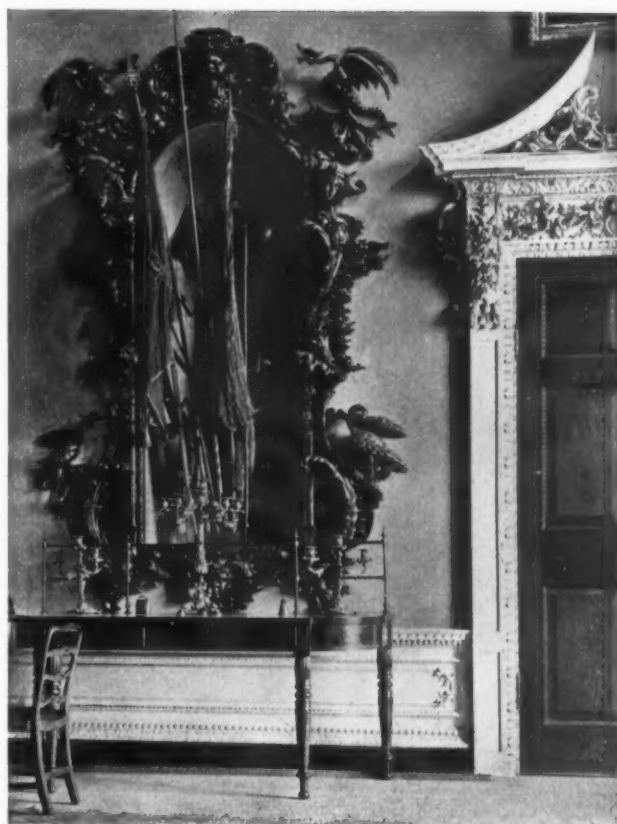
at Claydon is true, and this attribution may be accepted on the evidence of the decorations themselves, but the witness of documents is conspicuously absent. The writer had the privilege of looking through the unpublished Verney correspondence between 1750 and 1790, which might be supposed to bristle with references to building at Claydon. However, they are concerned only with money matters and details of estate management. The reason, no doubt, is the fact that Verney had a town house in Curzon Street where he would have seen Adam, and whence any correspondence would have been dated. On Lord Verney's bankruptcy all his papers were lost or destroyed. A greater difficulty, however, is the lack of evidence on Adam's side. No reference to Claydon is made in the books Adam published, wherein he did not fail to blow his own trumpet with conspicuous vigour. Still more odd, the great collection of Adam drawings in the Sir John Soane Museum has none that bears the name of Claydon, though many houses where he did only trifling additions, *e.g.*, Kimbolton, Moor Park and Dalkeith, are represented. The explanation of this is, perhaps, to be sought in the person of the Italian Patroli, already mentioned. He was probably a man whom Adam met when he lived at Rome, maybe on Piranesi's introduction. It is quite likely that Patroli acted on the spot rather



CLAYDON BEFORE ADAM'S ALTERATIONS.

as Adam's understudy than as a mere foreman, and that the drawings were prepared on the spot and not at Adam's office in the Adelphi. If so, the absence of plans in the Soane Collection is explained. Moreover, it is almost certain from the look of the work itself that others than Adam had a hand in it.

The rococo woodwork in the North Hall suggests that some furniture-maker like Chippendale, but with even less restraint, was left free to carve the frames of the recesses. Mr. R. S. Clouston is satisfied that the overmantel in the North Hall, with its extraordinary dragon-like beast, was by the hand of Lock. Other work in the state rooms on the ground floor was almost certainly by Chippendale, for his characteristic ornaments appear, and its extreme flamboyance suggests that it was of the time when he was under the influence of Johnson. The Gothic rooms were probably Adam's own design. They are highly interesting studies in the profound misunderstanding of mediæval art which characterised his work, but, none the less, possess a notable quality of their own. Though they may be called Gothic, that is not to say that they are without a plentiful admixture of other decorative ideas. These apartments have also the charm that comes from rich association. Florence Nightingale was great-aunt to the



Copyright. CARVED FRAME OF NICHE. "C.L."

present baronet, and she stayed often at Claydon and used the Gothic rooms.

It is in the hall that the more characteristic art of Robert Adam is manifested, in the delicate medallions and refined festoons that adorn the walls, left happily in their



Copyright AN INLAID DOOR. "C.L."



Copyright.

TWO OVER-DOORS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

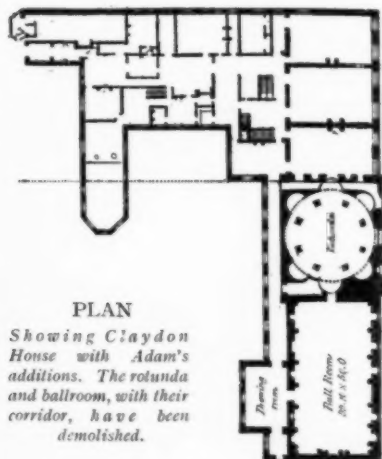


Copyright

INLAID DOORS

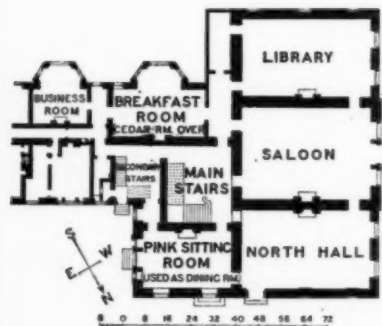
"COUNTRY LIFE."

original sober tints. The great staircase, its landings and hand-railing, are nothing short of extraordinary. Executed throughout in inlay of notable complexity, of various woods and spotted with ivory, they represent a wealth of craftsmanship perhaps unequalled throughout England in work of the kind. The handrail is supported by wrought-iron open-work of amazing richness and complexity. The design is based on wheat stalks and ears, and so light and even fragile is the construction that if the newel-post is shaken the wheat ears quiver and rustle like standing corn in the wind. This iron-work was apparently an after-thought, for some loose wooden banisters in the Chippendale manner are preserved at Claydon,



PLAN

Showing Claydon House with Adam's additions. The rotunda and ballroom, with their corridor, have been demolished.



GROUND FLOOR: CHIEF REMAINING ROOMS.

evidently carved as patterns for the main staircase, but ultimately rejected.

The three remaining state rooms on the ground floor are in a more robust and stately manner; but the richly-carved fireplace in the saloon was not made in England, but came complete from Italy. The fine restraint of Adam at his best is seen in the concave broken pediments over some of the doors, and the doors themselves are notable examples of rich and simple inlay, in mahogany, ebony, cedar and other woods. With regard to the Chinese Room, the guesser of attributions is treading on dangerous ground. It would be amusing to attribute this also to Adam, and thus convict him of being an Etruscan

in the hall, a Roman in the North Hall, a Goth in one bedroom and a Chinaman in another, surely a pretty jumble of eclecticism. It is quite likely, however, that some cabinet-making firm conceived the wildly-designed doorway now illustrated, and a still wilder Chinese bed-recess in the pagoda manner, without much control from Adam. He never succumbed to the Chinese craze, and as the Chinese details with their traces of French flavour are characteristic of Thomas Chippendale, it is safe to attribute this work to him. It seems that Adam acted for the second Earl Verney as general *entrepreneur*, that Verney had decorative views of his own and demanded one style here and another there, and that Adam, like the shrewd business man he was, sent down a Gothic specialist one year and an Italian modeller the next. There can be no doubt that some of the mantel-pieces were added by Earl Verney years after the rooms had been decorated to Adam's designs, for they are of a quite different character, and Adam would certainly not have approved them. Indeed, it may well be that Claydon House owes its character as much to Verney himself as to those he employed, for he had an individuality that few men would have cared to cross.

However that may be, Claydon House is a compendium of the many types of decoration that flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and as such is of extraordinary interest to the student of architectural development.

In conclusion a word must be said of the magnificent series of family portraits, which would have been even more complete but for the ruin which befel the second Earl Verney before his death. Of the paintings on panel one was used to stop an apple-room window, another was in a loft over the pigs, and the rats had gnawed a third. At least one Van Dyck and two Jansens have disappeared; but so many are left that a catalogue of them would be a long document. There is space, therefore, only to mention a few. Jansen painted a whole series of Verneys and their friends, and many remain at Claydon, including one of Sir Ralph as a young man. Sir Edmund the Standard-Bearer is represented by a notable portrait from the hand of Van Dyck, and there is a Charles I., also by him, one of the many replicas, painted, however, by Van Dyck himself, that the King ordered for his friends. Dame Mary Verney is pictured by the same brush. The indefatigable Lely painted many of the family, Sir Ralph, first baronet, Elizabeth, first wife of John Verney, and others. But space fails, and we must regretfully leave a house which even in its eighteenth century dress is rich with memories of a family that has played a large



Copyright.

IN THE LIBRARY

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE PINK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

CLAYDON HOUSE: IN THE CHINESE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and honourable part in the history of five centuries, and maintains to-day unimpaired its vigorous tradition of public service.

L. W.

EARLY SPRING FLY-FISHING.

THE following hints, culled from long practical experience, are intended for the novice, in the hope that they may enable him to make respectable creels, and point the way to that knowledge of the craft which the really ardent student of trout-fishing surely, if slowly, arrives at stage by stage. Of all field sports, fly-fishing is the one most intimately associated with the delightful freshness and hope of spring, and as its earlier practice differs materially from that employed later, I trust that this paper may prove useful to beginners.

At the commencement of the season, trout are only recuperating after their spawning operations, and are more or less affected by the force of winter spates and protracted abstinence. Hence on the Ides of March their strength is but a growing factor, and their fighting powers are far below the mid-April standard. First, then, bear in mind that in their present weak condition trout do not lie in strong currents as they will later on, but are to be looked for in the stickles or broken runs of moderate flow and varying length. And in dealing with these, the old hand will not be tempted to begin at the head where the fall rushes in, but will start at the "hang" or tail of a run, knowing this to be a safe harbourage, and, fishing thoroughly with various lengths of line, gradually work his way up by similar careful work to near the fall, where he will not waste time in trying turbulent water, but will seek like places further up. It is always far better to fish a river up. Trout invariably lie with their heads pointing against the current, and by working up stream the angler who casts judiciously is more likely to get at the side of them.

The method practised by too many would-be fishermen is to follow the course of a stream downwards, which inevitably tends towards down-stream casting, which is comparatively easy work. There is a decided impulse to do this, and the gut collar becomes straightened out at once by the flow; but it is entirely contrary to the accepted canons of good fly-fishing, and can never be nearly as successful as the more arduous but correct mode of the expert. Do not cast down stream; natural flies are not in the habit of struggling against currents, but are carried down with them, and so should the artificial insect be presented. Cast, therefore, first, across straight, and when the flies have travelled a very little way, pick them out and cast again more up stream, and so

on till the directly up stream throw is made. To search the water thoroughly in this process, short casts are expedient at first, then longer ones according to the place; but as the flies are more directly cast up, the line will be shortened, some slack gathered in with the left hand as it descends, and the casts made rapidly and not suffered to dwell, since the line and flies are being carried down towards the angler and tension would be lost. The argument for this style is pretty obvious: The flies are being brought downwards naturally, and as the fish face up, by striking in the down stream direction the hook is driven into their mouths instead of being pulled out, as happens in nine out of ten cases when an angler casts with the flow of the water. At the first break in the water over the flies, even if nothing is felt, or at the first touch, the strike should be made downwards. It should never be done violently; a firm, moderately sharp action and sideways, not upward, is sufficient. When longer casts than ordinary are necessary

to cover some desirable spot, what is termed "shooting the line" is practised. Some slack is pulled off the reel and allowed to hang, the forefinger pressing the line to the rod-handle; the cast is then made, and just at its completion the rod is extended horizontally and the line released, when it will shoot straight through the rings and, if properly done, materially lengthen the throw. But in manœuvring the flies the hand should invariably grasp the rod under the reel-line, as when a fish is struck there is an almost imperceptible "give" of the reel, which eases the gut sufficiently to prevent breakage, which would almost certainly result otherwise in the case of a good fish.

In early spring, deep pools are best passed over; trout seldom populate them till about mid-May. Where the centre current of a run is rushing strongly, the quieter sides of such current will be the places worth trial, and besides the moderately flowing stickles, long, rather shallow glides also afford sport. There are some rivers of naturally sluggish current where broken runs are undefined. These should be steadily fished up with different lengths of line as recommended. The chief matter in spring is to avoid turbulent water. The reason of bungling casts when the splash of the flies gives warning to wary fish is that the novice aims at the water instead of above it. Should he make it a point to aim at an imaginary spot a foot or so higher than the desired place, he would soon find his flies alighting like thistle-down. When a trout is hooked there need be no flurry nor haste. Up with the point of the rod and feel your fish, and if of respectable size, let him run and exhaust himself, keeping just sufficient strain to prevent him rooting at the bottom or making for snags, etc., to get rid of the hook. It is true that bringing a trout down stream will drown him; but should he be below and dragged against the current with head over water, he will become paralysed at once. In the case of a heavy fish, however, this should not be done till he is played out. When using the landing-net, it is a mistake to reel up too short; the rod will be held almost vertically as the fish nears the half-submerged net,

and too short a line will not do it. Moreover, never make a snatch at your victim; a quiet adagio movement is all that is required, and the trout should be slipped along the surface until its shoulder is over the ring. As extra fine gut is a *sine quâ non* in summer when trout are lusty, I see no reason for using coarser tackle in spring, and the man who fishes fine will be most likely to score. Avoid gut too deeply stained; it may look very attractive, but as presented to the trout which are beneath, it makes a dark line across the sky, and they are much less likely to notice gut altogether unstained. Atmospheric changes affect trout strangely, and after a spell of dry weather, should rain be impending, they will be probably indifferent to any lures. A prevalence of hard, dry weather is the worst condition, but favourable conditions would be broken weather with light showers, a fairly high temperature with the sun out at intervals, and a south or south-west breeze. Still, the direction of the wind in spring is not very material, and there are sometimes exceptionally good takes during north or north-east winds, even accompanied by hail-storms. Although not confined to spring alone, it is characteristic of the early months that flies fished on the surface are on some days disregarded, while natural rises appear to be the exception. This will most likely be due to the trout feeding upon sub-imagos, i.e., a hatch of fly not yet arrived at the surface. Trout are usually voracious in early spring, but the true sportsman will always return the fingerlings to the water; nothing under seven inches should ever be creeled; 10 a.m. is early enough to commence fishing, and 4 p.m. time to tie up. An evening rise seldom comes on before mid-April or after. As flies vary on different waters, it is always better to consult some reliable local opinion before stocking. Mega biblion, mega kakon and a couple of dozen tied on Nos. 1 and 0 (new scale) hooks will be quite sufficient. Three deadly flies are (1) Pheasant-tail, with the brassy-dun hackle; (2) Blue Dun; (3) Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear with dun hackle. I may add Maxwell's Red, and, provided with these four, no fisherman need despair of filling his pannier. BLACK HACKLE.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THOSE who read "Sand-buried Ruins of Khotan" will turn with zest to M. Aurel Stein's new book, *Ruins of Desert Cathay* (Macmillan). The author tells us that the fascination with which exploration in Central Asia held him during the previous work increased so much that he became anxious to return to the same scenes. It took several years, however, to arrange and set forth the abundant results achieved in his earlier expedition, and it was not until the year 1906 that he was able to carry out under the orders of the Government of India a further exploration in remote parts of Central Asia and Western China. It would be impracticable here to summarise in one brief article the matter of two portly volumes which are filled from beginning to end with most interesting and important information; but a glance at one or two of the places at which the author stayed to do work may give an idea of the remainder.

M. Stein started from the valleys of the Hindoo-Afghan border, passed across the snowy range of the Hindoo Kush up to the cradle of the river Oxus on the Pamirs, the "Roof of the World," and then down into the great basin drained by the Tarim River, which loses itself in the marshes of Lop-nor. Exploration in the Kun-lun range and expeditions to the ruined sites in the desert follow in succession. The great desert was crossed by the track which Marco Polo, like early Chinese pilgrims before him, had followed. This led to the most important event of his expedition—the discovery and exploration of that adjoining frontier wall, or lines, with which the Chinese Empire guarded the chief line for its political and commercial expansion, towards Central Asia and the West. It is impossible to show the character of a building by merely exhibiting a brick, but some idea of the author's method may at least be gained by showing what he did in the Lop neighbourhood. The mere finding of ruins in those wide expanses of desolate gravel is in itself astonishing; but the character of the finds show that in the early years of Christianity, and in the century before Christ, the Chinese here had an outpost of Empire, and that the army then bore a very striking resemblance to the Romans in Britain. They built a great wall for protection against barbarians, levied mercenaries, settled soldiers in the land, and with their women and children and society were like the soldiers on the Roman wall. The excavations brought these facts to light. In a heap of miscellaneous rubbish were found fragments of documents on wood inscribed with Kharoshthi records. The wood was that of the toghrach, or wild poplar, an indication with

many others that there were no gardens or avenues of cultivated timber. From the corner of one room in the ruined building were obtained two fragments of a silk-woven pile carpet in wool, resembling in many particulars the modern cheap Japanese rug. Near it was a small bale of yellow silk, affording testimony to the existence of an ancient silk trade from China. Spoons, eating-sticks, fragments of dishes in bronze or lacquer ware, beads, copper coins and articles of a similar kind were found in great number. The abundance of copper coins afforded significant evidence of the multitude of petty transactions in which a large and mixed population would indulge. About one hundred yards from this ruin there arose the ruins of a larger structure. This was recognised as the spot where Hedin had made his find of Chinese records of paper and wood. The survey of the ancient station yielded many highly interesting discoveries. There were remains of an enclosing wall, and many fragments of wall were found. If we take the small antiques collected from a Lop-nor site, they correspond in character at least to what has often been found in an old Roman camp. There were a wooden comb, a bronze signet ring, fragments of bronze mirrors, metal clasps, a bronze buckle, copper coins of the Han period, bronze arrow-heads, Lignite seals, and a lamp made of burnt clay. These are the articles that would naturally be found in a military station. There was a large rubbish-heap near the centre of the walled area, which, after being carefully sifted, yielded ample reward for the trouble of a very cold search. There was a novelty in the shape of a strip of white silk inscribed with Kharoshthi. This is interesting, because it confirms the Chinese antiquarian tradition that silk was an ancient writing material before the invention of paper. To us the most curious feature is the light which these tablets throw on the Chinese administration. Some of them specify allotments of land, either already under irrigation or prepared for it. Some of the land has still to be cleared. The plots were given apparently as rewards to the troops for the purposes of cultivation, and even the kinds of cereal and fodder crops which were to be cultivated are carefully laid down.

These are but scraps from a large body of evidence which goes to show China as a high, imperial race in those early centuries. These were days when China could fight and organise and administer as few nations have done in the history of the world. Most curious is it to see, side by side with this evidence of departed greatness, that, in the various drawings and paintings which were unearthed, the racial type is much higher than it is to-day. To particularise is not to assert that one picture is

better than another; but as illustration of what we say the reader may be referred to the portion of fresco frieze and dado on the south wall of a rotundo in the Buddhist shrine found in a miran site. It illustrates the legend of Prince Vessantara, who in succession gave up his property, his goods, and even his wife and children in order to attain to holiness. One of his first offerings was the magical white elephant which could produce rain. The picture of this elephant, especially of its eye, produces an illusion of life which no artist of our own day could exceed or even seriously rival. But still more extraordinary is the beauty of the human figures. We cannot wonder that they roused the greatest enthusiasm in the mind of M. Aurel Stein. We cannot do better than quote his description:

In her delicate face Greek features seemed to mingle strangely with others which called up a Levantine or Circassian type of beauty. To the Near East or Iran pointed the white turban which, trimmed with a red band and held by a large black knot on the right, rested on the rich black hair. From the latter descended long ringlets in front of the ears, while a fringe of hair came down on the forehead decorated with three bead strings of coral. The ears bore graceful pendants in pink. A close-fitting vest with sleeves in a deep red brown covered breast and shoulders, and from the head-dress there hung a veil of delicate pale green.

What a startling apparition of beauty and grace it all seemed in this desolate ruin! But strange it was, too, to find this fair portrait balanced on the opposite side by that of a male head of a type distinctly Roman. It was the head of a young man, with a broad low forehead and square jaws. The strongly built face was clean shaven, close-cropped black hair covering the head. The dress, a dark red coat with a pale green cloak thrown over the right shoulder, had faded badly.

In the second volume there is so much that it is difficult to select where we have little space to spare. The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas furnish material for a long essay by themselves. The lover of art as well as the antiquarian will study with delight the fine reproductions from the pictures found on ancient Buddhist banners of silk gauze. Pictorially, they are very beautiful, and yet the greatest interest they excite is in the types of men and women used for illustration. They are, it is true, Chinese idealised; but even so, they indicate a strength and beauty in the youth of the nation which seem to explain why China with its peculiar constitution existed so long. Less striking, but not less intense, are the discoveries connected with the Limes or ancient wall north of Tun-huang. How curiously modern some of these are may be judged from the following:

Another very curious find consisted of a batch of eleven neatly written bamboo slips, scattered, but clearly marked by their identical shape and writing as originally belonging to a sort of medical note-book. Some of them contain "case records" and prescriptions for particular patients, others general recipes for men or ailing animals, most with special mention of the physicians with whom they originated. As a sample, I may mention the record left by the medical attendant "Mr. An-kuo" of his twentieth consultation in the sad case of "Mr. An Tien-hui," who, having been benumbed with cold and in consequence tumbled out of his car, had injured himself internally, and who even after thirty days of treatment still suffered in his chest and extremities.

We must end here. This great record is the most striking revelation of the old romance that hangs over the Deserts of Cathay which has ever been brought before the public.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

A Lost Interest, by Mrs. George Wemyss. (Constable and Co.)

THIS is an excellent novel of the lighter kind. The dialogue is witty, frequently epigrammatic and consistently adheres to a not too profound level. The characterisation is apt; Mrs. George Wemyss has a natural ability for seizing upon and not over-emphasising the salient qualities in the little group of idle men and women whose world she so neatly and unerringly puts together. At first sight the dominant impression, in spite of a keen and appreciative perception of the cleverness and dexterity of each touch, is that here is a tolerant exposure of the trivialities, follies and weaknesses of a certain section of society with nothing to do and the whole day to do it in; later, though the author never falters in the light style of her narrative, the horizon widens and the characters develop with ease and naturalness and to some definite purpose. There are, to fit the exigencies that demand a plot, two principals in the story; these are Sir Everard Long and Violet Egerton, the beautiful young wife of a man whom Sir Everard has been instrumental in sending out on an expedition to Africa. Needless to say, the comedy here does not develop into tragedy; this is due to the lightness of Mrs. Wemyss' touch rather than to Violet Egerton's strength of character as portrayed for us. In fact, Violet is not given the first place because she deserved it; there are half-a-dozen others to whom we are more drawn in the little circle of which she is the pivot, such as Barbara Raleigh, the delightful and natural girl-woman, and Frances Bailey, whose curious code of honour is a fine thing which might have been practised for a better woman than the wife of Hugh Raleigh—another of the half-dozen others whom it would be a joy to meet with in real life.

The Revolt, by Putnam Weale. (Methuen and Co.)

A REMARKABLE, if singular and somewhat unequal, piece of work. The story is told in the first person, and suffers considerably on that account. The writer, Jasper Lascelles, is a young man of mixed parentage, whose life before and after his education in England has been spent in Paris and the East. There is between his brother and himself that intense and ineradicable hatred which upon occasion has existed between two of the same blood; through this antagonism Jasper Lascelles does not meet Jeanne, the woman with whom he falls

in love at first sight, until after her marriage with his brother Godfrey. Godfrey is absent from home on his brother's arrival in England, and a few days' extraordinary obsession follow the meeting of Jasper and Jeanne. For Jeanne, too, succumbs to the force of that irresistible attraction which is ultimately to ruin both their lives, bringing their story to its inevitably tragic close. Mr. Putnam Weale is a gifted writer; he has a keen intuition into racial characteristics and a sincere and unswerving determination to present them without bias in pursuit of the truth. As a result it is not improbable that few will find themselves in real sympathy with the temperament of Jasper Lascelles, whose self-revelations, though convincing, are not heroic; none the less, he is a fine attempt at unflattering portraiture of an ordinary man rising adequately to an extraordinary situation, and Mr. Putnam Weale is to be congratulated upon him.

Wings of Desire, by M. P. Willcocks. (The Bodley Head.)

MISS M. P. WILLCOCKS has chosen a large canvas, and forthwith proceeded to crowd it with one figure after another in a lavish fashion that distracts mind and eye as her picture gradually comes together in its progress towards a perfected whole. Yet when she has at last stayed her hand, the result is satisfactory, not because she could not have done better, but because she has done so well. There is no big central interest, though at first it appeared as if there were going to be; but all the figures are marked by an excellence of portrayal that is eminently lifelike and characteristic. Still, when these figures begin to speak they develop a sameness of mental attitude that gradually rouses irritation, and that not because they do not talk cleverly, because they do—too cleverly expressing one and all a modernity of mental, moral and spiritual outlook that should flutter many a dove-cote. Miss Willcocks here shows herself a daring frank and vigorous writer, but possibly there are those who will prefer "Widdie combe" to *Wings of Desire*.

Between Two Stools, by Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul.)

THERE is a distinct twang of humorous malice in Miss Rhoda Broughton's manner of presenting the two not unlovable chief characters in *Between Two Stools*. William Doughty and Elisabeth Delany are lovers, though the latter is a mother and wife. Elisabeth's unfaithfulness to Delany is of the spirit; her love for Doughty—though of itself beautiful and persuasive enough—leads to petty and degrading subterfuges which, at the opening of the story, after ten years of mixed happiness, she suddenly decides must end. Doughty is counselled by her to marry, since Delany, a hopeless invalid of brutal temper and humour, persists in clinging to existence. She returns to this point of attack several times as the story unfolds, and Doughty, although still devoted, eventually succumbs to suggestion and to the temporary attraction and invitation of Arethusa Browne, a charming, level-headed young woman, and engages himself. At the psychological moment Delany dies, Arethusa—learning the truth—frees Doughty, and between two stools we are left in doubt as to whether he does or does not come to the ground. The story has vivacity and humour and is well worth reading.

The Rhodesian, by Gertrude Page. (Hurst and Blackett.)

THE hero of *The Rhodesian*, Major Peter Carew, is one of those strong, silent, unapproachable men, preferably with a history, who figure with perennial attractiveness in a certain type of popular novel. The heroines, too, are already known to us; we like them none the less for that. The plot, however, has certain new elements, and for these we are grateful. Not that we would cavil at the gift of a thoroughly good wholesome story which we have enjoyed with discrimination, and whose successors we are prepared to welcome in their own good time.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN STATISTICS.—CEREALS.

IN the returns which constitute the fourth report of the Agricultural Statistics for 1910, the most striking feature is the increase which has taken place in nearly all parts of the world in the wheat area. We find very large increases in India, Australia, Canada, Russia, the Argentine and the United States, amounting altogether to something like 12,000,000 acres. The only countries in the world in which a decrease is recorded are France, 101,000 acres; Sweden, 14,000 acres; Switzerland, 1,000 acres; and Egypt, 17,000 acres. In the British Islands there was a loss of 11,000 acres; but there was an equal gain in New Zealand, while over 4,000,000 acres were added in India, Australia and Canada. The acreage under barley shows greater variation. There is an addition of 69,000 acres in the United Kingdom, but a reduction in Australia, Canada and New Zealand amounting to 74,000 acres. Russia shows a vast increase, and the United States an addition of a quarter of a million acres. Oats occupy a very much extended area in Canada and the United Kingdom; but there was a reduction in New Zealand and Australia. A huge addition took place in the United States, Russia and Argentina.

LIVESTOCK.

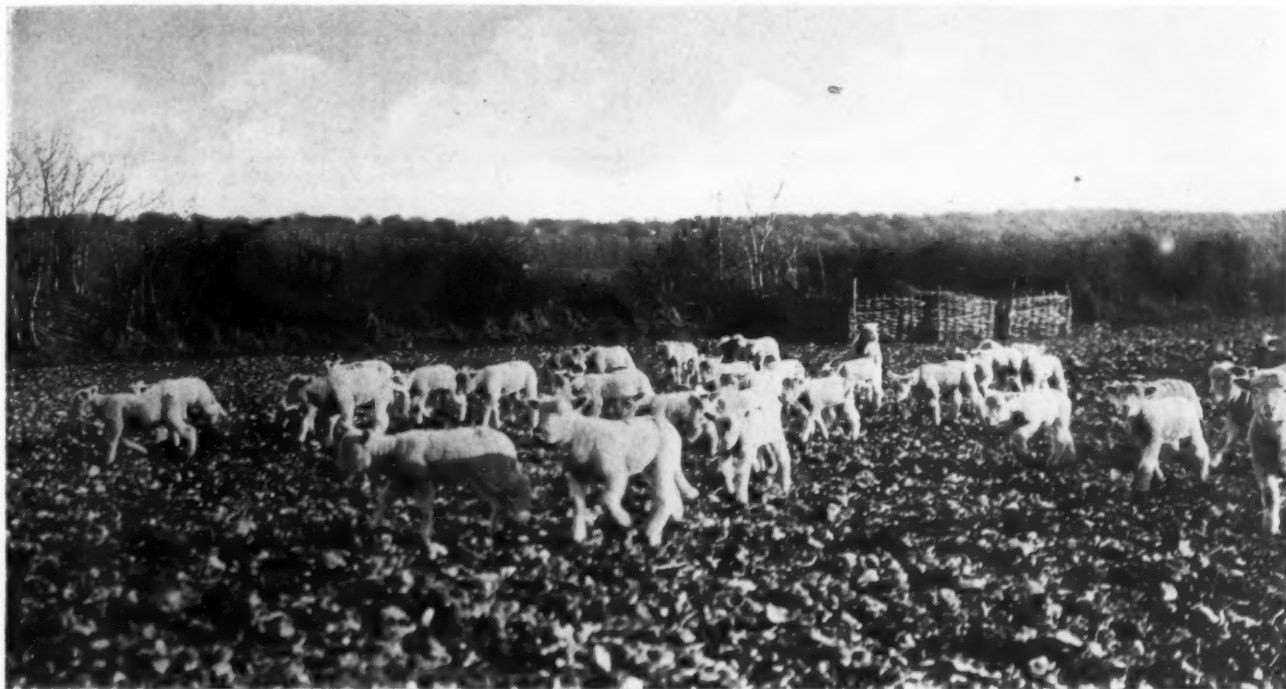
In regard to cattle, there was an addition of 6,000 in the United Kingdom, without counting the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands; of 706,000 in Australia, without Victoria. There are also additions in British East Africa, Nyasaland, Prince Edward Island and the Transvaal; but a loss in Canada of 119,000. The flocks of sheep shrank in the United Kingdom by 669,000, in Canada by 107,000, and in Nyasaland by 1,000. An immense increase took place in British East Africa of 1,365,000. There were also very large increases in New Zealand and Australia, and a moderate increase in the Transvaal. Pigs increased in the United Kingdom,

Australia, British East Africa, and Prince Edward Island; but there was a falling off in Canada and Nyasaland. An increase of horses was distributed over the various sections of the British Empire, in none of which was there a decrease.

POTATOES.

Among the comparisons drawn is one relating to potatoes. An approximate decennial comparison is made between the United Kingdom, Australia, Ontario, Manitoba, Russia, other European

increase was 7,500,000, or 20 per cent. In Canada the increase was 49 per cent.; in New Zealand 59 per cent.; and in the Cape 64 per cent. In Europe a comparison for seventeen countries, including the Russian Empire as a single unit, shows an increase of about 80,000,000, or 24 per cent. In Japan it was 24 per cent., and in six other countries 27 per cent. It will thus be seen that the growth of population within the British Empire is not satisfactory as compared with that in other countries.



EARLY LAMBS.

countries and the United States. The United Kingdom comes out as a good potato-grower, the average yield per acre being 5.4 tons, while the area devoted to potatoes is 1,177,000 acres, as compared with 3,127,000 in the United States.

POPULATION.

Obviously these statistics must be considered with relation to the population of the districts to which they refer. In the British Empire the greatest absolute increase in the two decades between 1891 and 1910 occurred in India, where nearly 28,000,000, or about 10 per cent., were added. In the United Kingdom the

SPRING TILLAGE.

The aspect of the country reflects very accurately the abnormal type of weather which has been experienced in England during the past twelve months. Arable ground is still so wet and spongy from the heavy rains that fell in the early part of the present year that the business of sowing has been seriously retarded. The proverbial peck of March dust has been sought in vain so far, although hope that springs eternal in the human breast looks forward to the possibility of the exceeding moisture being rectified in the later weeks of the month. The pastures are simply wonderful



UNDER THE HEDGE.

for this time of the year. A low temperature and abundance of rain have brought away the grass wonderfully, and there is already a good bite for cattle on the meadows. But, on the whole, the lambing season has not been so good as was expected. The number of twin-lambs, as far as we can gather from inquiry over a fairly

wide area, is considerably below the average, and accounts are to hand of trouble among the ewes. It is very likely that the lambing-season has suffered considerably from the scarcity of food in the autumn of the year. The ewes got out of condition, and the result is seen in a very poor number of offspring.

RACING NOTES.



POINT TO POINT: AFTER ABOUT FOUR MILES OF HEAVY GOING.

THE THREE YEAR OLDS.

AT the close of last year's racing no one colt stood out by himself in merit. It might, perhaps, be said, taking the running in the Middle Park Plate as a reliable guide, that the best of the lot was Absurd, a colt by Sundridge out of Absurdity, and in the same ownership as White Star. It may be

that the future will show their form to have been correct, but further proof is advisable before accepting it as correct. Lomond, White Star and, perhaps, Absurd are the most in evidence just now, and opinions as to their respective merits differ widely. As between Lomond and Absurd, their merits, from a classic point of view, can only be settled, if at all, by collateral form, for the



IN AND OUT OF THE ROAD.

only classic engagement held by Absurd is that for the Two Thousand Guineas, a race in which the name of Lomond does not appear among the entries, and it may be added that a similar state of affairs exists in regard to Absurd and his stable companion, White Star, for it is hardly likely that they will oppose one another in the Two Thousand Guineas. Lomond and White Star can, on the other hand, settle their differences in both the Derby and the St. Leger. Looking back at last year's running, it is difficult to say which is really the better of these two colts. They only met once; that was in the Woodcote Stakes, the day before White Star's elder brother, Sunstar, won the Derby. White Star then won, but only by a head, from Halberd, a head behind whom Lomond finished third. The greatest credit was due to the winner, for, pecking badly within a few strides of the winning-post, nothing but his own unflinching gameness and the fine horsemanship of Stern enabled him to win the race; but—and it is a point to remember—he was then a more set and better-developed colt than Lomond. It is on this account only that I am inclined to think that, all being well with both of them, Lomond may this year assert his superiority. The next point that arises is as to which is the better of Mr. J. B. Joel's two colts, White Star and Absurd. In the Middle Park Plate Absurd beat the brother to Sunstar, from whom he was receiving 3lb., easily by three lengths, with Sweeper II., whom he was meeting at even weights, intervening. On this form Absurd would appear to be 3lb. to 4lb. in front of White Star; but I have always doubted the correctness

of their running; first, because I believe that neither Mr. J. B. Joel nor his trainer at all anticipated the result of the race—it was, indeed, I understood at the time, simply to satisfy a friend that Absurd was started for the race—and, secondly, because, if correct, it would make Sweeper II. out to be pretty nearly as good as White Star, a proposition that appears to me very much open to argument. As I saw the race, it seemed that for some reason or other White Star was never

going like himself; he got away badly at the start and never seemed to get properly balanced afterwards, and, moreover, he was hampered in running. All things considered, I hardly think that Absurd will ever beat White Star again, unless, of course, the former has made the most improvement since his two year old days. Still, there it is. Absurd, by Sundridge (2) out of Absurdity (1), by Melton 8, is bred on the best of racing lines, and if, with White Star in the stable, Mr. J. B. Joel considers him capable of winning the Two Thousand Guineas, he will probably do so. As, moreover, he has no other classic engagement, it seems reasonable to suppose that he may be specially trained for that race, and we may, therefore, not be very wide of the mark in writing him down as the probable winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. All being well with both of them, it will have been gathered from what has already been said that between White Star and Lomond I find it difficult to make choice for the Derby. On the score of possessing greater scope for improvement, preference inclines in favour of the latter, while in favour of the former it may be said, I think, that in conformation he is the better adapted of the two for the varying gradients of the Epsom course. But—will either of them win? I am by no means sure that this is so great a certainty as it seems to be. By all accounts the French colt, Montrose II., owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and bred by Mme. Lemaire de Villers at the Haras de St. Lucien, has grown the right way and shows a corresponding increase in muscular development since last year. He is a well-bred colt on both sides of his pedigree, being by Maintenon (2)

out of Mario (2), by Persimmon out of Ella Tweed, by Salisbury 32 out of Galop, by Galopin 3. His sire, Maintenon, by Le Sagittaire 20 (by Le Sancy [4], by Atlantic 3) out of Marcia, by Marden (2) out of Primavera, by Springfield 12. Not only is this an excellent pedigree, but—what is of comparative rarity nowadays—it combines the three great male lines of Herod, Match 'em and Eclipse. As far as I know, no reliable line exists by which to compare the French and English two year old form of last year; but, at all events, Montrose II. did something, for of the seven races for which he ran, he won five outright and ran a dead heat for one, his only defeat having been when he lost the Prix Eclipse by three-parts of a length to Rodriguez, to whom he was giving 11lb. He is a big, commanding colt with a tremendous stride, and I can for the time being do no more than add that I am warned by two French trainers of experience that it will take a good one to beat him. The French colt apart, it is by no means impossible that some of our own colts may give both Lomond and White Star reason to know that they have been racing before either of them has won the Derby. Supposing the Middle Park Plate running to be true, Sweeper II. would be wherever White Star was; and although, perhaps wrongly, I myself doubt that running, others there are who believe in it, and point, not without reason, to the style in which Sweeper II. won the Richmond Stakes from those two good fillies, Charmian and Melody, as well as to the rapid fashion in which, in the later stages of the race, he was making up the ground lost by repeated swerving in the July Stakes, when he finished two lengths and a neck

behind White Star, then known as the Doris colt. Then there is Mr. J. Buchanan's Jingling Geordie, a colt possessed of a tremendous turn of speed when inclined to exert himself. It is perhaps no indiscretion to say that at one time he could have given 10lb. to that beautiful filly, Melody, form that reproduced in public would put him right on the top of the tree, and in some extraordinary fashion he once did—in the International Two Year Old Plate at Kempton Park in August—give 9lb. and



BLOWN.

a beating to Absurd; but Mr. J. B. Joel's colt had not then begun the series of victories which left that form a long way behind. Still, there is no getting away from the fact that if Jingling Geordie likes to do so, he can race to some purpose; and though no one who saw the ungenerous manner in which he ran behind White Star and Melody in the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, or the disgraceful exhibition in the Dewhurst Plate, would ever be inclined to trust him again, there is no knowing what such an animal might do, especially on the Epsom course. The more one looks at it, the more this year's Derby seems to be an open race.

CRICKLADE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

The Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) brought off a thoroughly sporting and most successful meeting at Highworth last week. The Past and Present Race for officers of the 60th Rifles, with a trophy for the winner graciously given by His Majesty, formed an interesting event in the programme. Among the competitors was Sir Claude de Crespigny, riding his own horse, Dodford Holt. But the veteran—if such he can be called—sportsman finished behind Captain H. W. Watson on Torboy and Mr. F. G. Moore's Brook End, and was obliged to be content with the barren honour of third place. For the heavy-weights (60th Rifles), for a cup given by Mr. Ulric Thynne, a capital race resulted in the victory of Mr. G. V. H. Gough's Arcadian by a neck from Mr. H. E. M. Porter's Merlin, the third place being filled by Major G. A. P. Rennie on Sib. The Heavy-Weight Race, for a cup presented by members of the Hunt, was won by Mr. J. Clem Barton's Ingen. TRENTON.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE WIND-CHEATER.

I REMEMBER Row, now of Ashdown Forest, but North Devonian of origin and speech, telling me of one of the boys—boys once—who had gone away from Westward Ho! to be a golf professional, and had made a fine success of it (as all of them, I am rather proud to say, have made): "A wonderful cunning little fellow he was. He would wait on the tee if the wind was blowing a bit gusty and there was a big gust coming just as he was going to hit off—he'd change his tee, or he'd change his club—anything to put off the time a bit till the wind had lulled down; then he'd take his shot." I do not know whether this is precisely a moral tale to tell. To be strictly moral it ought to follow this hero to some disastrous end. No doubt it raises a nice point of conscience or of ethics as to how far a man is justified in deferring the evil moment, for a less evil, when he has to drive in the teeth of a gusty gale. It is all, really, a question of degree. The most quixotically and distressfully conscientious man in the world may submit to be blown back a step away from his ball as he is addressing it, and to begin the process all over again. Even a morbidly sensitive conscience would hardly ask him to complete the stroke in mid-air, while he was quite off his balance. Yet all the steps between this and the illegal "sheltering because of weather" are really only steps of degree, and it is hard to say what a man may, morally and legally, do as to this and what he may not. It comes in the end to be a question of individual conscience, and we know that in this quality golfers differ as widely as in the manners of their swing.

THE CHANGES OF THE CYCLONE.

But there is also another way in which the weatherwise golfer may justify himself of that wisdom in this eccentric climate which is so often characterised by small circular storms which we call cyclones. Most of us know, in a rough and ready way, how they blow. They come from the Atlantic, travelling eastward, and their own circular motion is in the contrary direction to that in which the sun or the hands of a clock move. That is the general type of our cyclonic storms, and it implies that we are at first struck by the eastward part of their circumference, bringing us rain from the south and south-west. Then the storm passes along, and in an hour or two we are in the westward part of its circumference, where the wind is travelling from the north and north-west. The golfer endowed with cunning and a serviceably tough conscience, may perhaps make his reckoning with this prevalence of the circular storm, missing his turn in a competition and going to the bottom of the list, or otherwise ordering events as his small soul suggests to him, so as to get, if possible, the best of both winds. This actually happened to me once, on a blessed day very long ago, at Great Yarmouth, going out for the medal with a gale from the south, coming home with a like gale, only rather more of it, from the north, both fully in aid of the golfer who had the precious luck to be at the ninth hole at the turn of the storm. But this movement of the wind only shows how futile it is, when the weather is in that broken state which encourages these wind circles, to endeavour to set out a course with tees in relation to the bunkers to be carried from them according to the direction of the wind at the moment of setting out. If the conditions are cyclonic, and the wind strong from the south at the moment of setting out the tees, it is almost certain that it will be northerly, and probably in rather greater force, in a few hours' time.

RUBBER-CORED BALLS IN A WIND.

It is one among many of the disadvantages of the small and heavy rubber-cored balls which the ingenuity of the makers has been giving us lately, that they do not make the same demand as the balls of older fashion on the skill of the golfer to control them in a wind. The term "wind-cheater," which used to be applied to the ball kept scientifically low, so that the wind should have little effect on it, has almost lost its meaning. The ball has no tendency to soar

and to submit itself to the currents. Any kind of straightforward shot is good enough, and it all becomes a matter nearly analogous to touching a button and leaving the ball to do the rest. There is one very beautiful shot which we hardly ever see now, and that is the shot at which Mr. John Ball, in the days of the "guttie," used to be singularly adept, consisting in a drive or cleek shot of low trajectory at the start, rising towards the finish of its flight and falling nearly vertically. It was a shot of greatest value when played up to a hole with a guarding bunker in front of it, because of the very dead drop, the very little run, that it gave to the ball. Again and again we have seen him play it to those greens at Hoylake which are, or used to be, placed just beyond a "cop," so that the ball had to be played with a very dead fall if it was to stay near the hole. It almost seems as if this particular kind of flight could not be given to the rubber-cored ball, and undoubtedly it is a real loss to the science and attraction of the game that the shot should have been lost to it. Few achieved it with success, but it was a delightful triumph of the golfer's craft when well done.

H. G. H.

"GOAT GOLF."

Side lights upon golf as played in other countries are often rather entertaining, and I have just come across a particularly vivid one from Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A. When I first saw the "Goat Club Golf Book," lent to me by a kind friend, I imagined that both he and I were victims of a practical joke; but after reading further in a strange foreign tongue, I have come to believe that Goat Clubs and goat medals are really to be found at Toledo and on other American courses. The origin of this rather cumbrous jest appears to lie in the fact that a goat was considered a mascot in racing stables, so that to lose your goat was one of the most dreadful things that could befall you. On this slender foundation is built the Goat Club. The members each begin life with a goat medal, and then challenge each other frantically to matches. If you beat your man, you take his goat and attack somebody's else's. You are not safe from your original enemy, however, for he is entitled to challenge you again in order to retrieve his goat, and this he may do three times. If after three attempts he fails, you are free from his importunities and may go out to gather worthier goats. The victorious player accumulates a great treasure of goat medals, which he cannot lose all at one fell swoop, because he can only play for one at a time. The worst that can befall him—and nothing worse could befall any man—is to play a four-ball match, all against all, and lose a goat to each of his adversaries. At the

end of a season of this enthralling amusement there is a dinner at which the winner of the largest number of medals is appointed "Goatherd" for the ensuing year, and has a gold goat presented to him. Is it not possible to think of an animal even more appropriate to the occasion?

SOME OF THE RULES.

Goat golf appears to offer unrivalled opportunity for subtle play upon words, of which the author in his notes takes the fullest advantage. To begin with, he calls himself C. A. P. Ricornus, a gallant effort in itself, and then this remark: "In Goat Golf mallet-headed butters are not barred." Rule 4 lays down that "Stymies must be played," and this is the author's comment: "Maybe you don't like this rule. Well, neither do I, but the cranks insist on it, and so it goes. If your opponent's ball is between you and the hole, hop over it. What are you a goat for anyway if you can't do that?" To think that we should live to be called cranks because we play stymies! Another rule declares that a member must always be ready to defend his goats and must not decline a challenge for an "undue and unreasonable" time. "If a member is not willing to play the game with any or all of the fifty or sixty other goats, let him go away somewhere by himself and butt his head against a wall. Nobody will miss him." I am bound to say that, though I feel very grateful to the author for an illuminating ten minutes of reading, his is one of those books that make me devoutly thankful



MR. E. N. LAYTON.

that I was born "in this Christian land a happy English child." I feel no yearning whatever to be a goat—either in Toledo or anywhere else.

MR. E. N. LAYTON.

The golf courses around London are now producing a race of young amateurs, some of whom are very good players indeed, and quite one of the best of these is Mr. E. N. Layton. He has not done great things yet in championships or away from his home green, but, given time, he most certainly ought to do them. At Cassiobury Park, where he plays most of his golf, he appears to spend his time in winning innumerable handicaps in spite of carrying an ever-increasing burden of strokes. Mr. Layton has a very sound and natural style, with something reminiscent of professional methods, especially in the playing of iron shots, and he ought very decidedly to have a golfing future before him.

THE UNIVERSITY PROBLEM.

Those who have played much against the Oxford and Cambridge sides this year are in a bewildered frame of mind as to the right prophecy to make for the University match which is to be played at Prince's, Sandwich, on April 13th. As far as I can see, the prophets proceed on the principle that the wish is not father to the thought. Those who wish Oxford to win think Cambridge are the better side, and *vice versa*. Acting on this principle, I am regretfully of opinion that Oxford are the better side, and will win at Prince's, though not

without a stern struggle. At the same time, I ought to have a greater respect for Cambridge after last Saturday, when they gave us of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society the saddest drubbing at Mildenhall. Certainly they played vastly better than they had done at Woking the week before. They had the advantage of being at home, and Mildenhall, charming as it is, is, as regards the putting, particularly teasing to the stranger just at present. Some of the greens on a windy day resemble sheets of glass; not very smooth glass, moreover, but glass that has been attacked by the hammers of infuriated ladies. The Cambridge captain has chosen nine men and the Oxford captain ten out of which the two teams of eight have finally to be chosen. So on either side there will be two or three anxious-minded young gentlemen at Prince's waging desperate battles against one another for the honour of representing their University. It is to be hoped that they will be put out of their agony as soon as possible, in order that the victors may have time to recuperate, since, if there is one thing more exhausting than another in any game, it is struggling for a place in a side. Among those who are fighting for a place in the Oxford team are two cricketers "Blues," Mr. Bardsley and Mr. Vidler. Should they both get in, as is quite possible, there will then be three members of the Oxford eleven on the side, the third being Mr. A. J. Evans, an alarmingly long driver and a generally dangerous person.

B. D.

"COUNTRY LIFE" TROPHIES FOR MINIATURE RIFLE-SHOOTING.

Englemere, Ascot, Berks, March 9th, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for letting me see the conditions of the COUNTRY LIFE Trophies Competitions. They appear to me admirably adapted for furthering the interests of miniature rifle-shooting.

There can be no doubt that the miniature range is the best school for the long range, and it is consequently the most appropriate for the Public School boys—indeed, for all boys—to commence their practice with rifles.

I am sure that the patriotic manner in which your paper has taken up miniature rifle-shooting will have the best effect, and I wish the competitions every success.

I remain, yours very truly,

ROBERTS, F.M.

The Editor, COUNTRY LIFE.

NO better preface to our remarks on the COUNTRY LIFE Competition could be found than the manly and admirable letter from Earl Roberts printed above. The importance of the contest lies in this, that what the schools do to-day the nation will do to-morrow, and there can be little doubt that the attitude of our schools towards the military training of their boys is creating already a considerable difference in the country.

The COUNTRY LIFE Trophies are offered as prizes for team-shooting on miniature ranges to contingents of the Junior Division of the Officers' Training Corps; and as the conditions are entirely based on military requirements, and practically introduce for the first time the necessity for a fire commander, their value for real training can be readily understood. The conditions are simple and clear, and it will be noted that each practice is so framed as to bring out particular points essential in training.

By grouping, *i.e.*, firing five shots at an easy black and white target, and without any change of sight or point of aim, a firer is enabled to discover both the powers of his rifle and himself, and if holding, aiming and trigger-pressing are not consistent, the story is clearly illustrated by the resulting pattern on the target.

The rapid practice creates the power of bringing sudden and heavy volume to bear on any important target, and it is by such sudden bursts of heavy and accurate fire that decisive results will be obtained in war. Men always fire quickly in war, but those who have been trained in peace to combine accuracy with rapidity will not waste ammunition in the future to the same extent as has been done in the past.

Snap-shooting, so essential for close range in battle, is also introduced as a practice. Firers are thereby taught to watch carefully for a target, which is exposed for four seconds, at once to bring the rifle roughly on the object, and then to aim and fire.

Lastly, the collective practice at landscape targets is opening new ground of enormous importance, and of so interesting a nature as will ensure such work being introduced in many clubs. A good fire leader will take his men to victory, provided they do as they are told; a bad fire leader may render the best men in the world useless.

THE Competitions are open to Public Schools being Contingents of the Junior Division of the Officers Training Corps having two or more companies of infantry, and not more than one company of artillery, respectively, the Snap-shooting practice being excluded

from the latter Competition. The Trophies will be held by the winners for twelve months, and the plinths suitably inscribed. Three Miniature Rifles will, in addition, be presented to the winners of each Competition, and the individual competitors of the winning teams will receive inscribed Silver Pencil-cases, being models of the Lee-Enfield Rifle.

Targets 1 to 3.—One (and the same) team of ten non-commissioned officers and men.

Target No. 4.—One team of four non-commissioned officers and men under a leader, who must be an Officer or sergeant of the corps, but who will not fire.

The matches to be fired on any one day between March 23rd and 30th, 1912, both dates inclusive. The winning teams will be the teams obtaining the highest aggregate totals of the targets. Military sights only. Single loading. No slings.

GROUPING (1).

Target.—Second-class elementary (bullseye).

Position.—Any.

Rounds.—Five.

Scoring.—2in. group, 20 points

3in. " 15 "

4in. " 10 "

RAPID (2).

Target.—Second-class figure target, Bisley, 1911 (25yds. equals 500yds.).

Position.—Any.

Rounds.—Ten.

Time.—Sixty seconds.

Scoring.—Figure and inner, 3 points

Outer 2 "

The targets to appear 5sec. after the "Ready," when "Rapid fire" will immediately be given.

Four points to be deducted for each shot fired after the "Cease fire."

The supervising officer to be responsible for the correct amount of ammunition issued to each competitor, and should more than ten shots be found on the target, the highest value to be deducted for each in excess.

SNAP-SHOOTING (3).

Target.—Figure target No. 3 (silhouette).

Position.—Prone.

Rounds.—Five.

Time.—Four seconds' exposure.

Scoring.—Hit 3 points.

LANDSCAPE TARGET (4).

(1) Team of four under a leader, the latter equipped with field-glasses. (The leader will not fire.)

(2) An object on the target is indicated to the leader, who must then, to the best of his ability, concentrate the fire of his team on the object.

(3) Rounds.—Three per man.

Time.—One and a-half minutes from the moment the officer in charge of the match hands the miniature landscape target to the leader of the team until the last shot fired.

Points.—Each shot within 1in. radius of object .. 2

" " " 2in. " " .. 1

" " beyond 2in. " " .. minus 2

Two points will be deducted for each shot fired after the "Cease fire."

The officer commanding will receive by first post on March 23rd a miniature of the landscape target selected, on which will be clearly indicated the object on which fire is to be concentrated, to be opened on the firing-point on the date selected for the match.

Note.—Effective concentration will depend on the clearness with which the leader indicates portion of ground to be hit, and upon the accuracy of his team in recognising this spot.
[Limitations of space prevent us from giving the Conditions of the Competitions in full.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANGLERS AND THE ANIMALS' ACT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—County magistrates and anglers are equally interested just now as to their duties and position under the Protection of Animals Act, which came into force on January 1st, 1912. Does the Act constitute the use of live fish for bait a criminal offence? Some leading sporting journals have treated the matter with optimistic mind that live baiting may safely be practised because "the Act was surely never intended" to pounce upon the fisherman. Unfortunately for the would-be user of live bait, courts in the administration of criminal jurisdiction do not speculate on the ambiguous intentions of an Act, but must find upon the letter of the law. If the wording of the Act is ambiguous or contradictory, the Act should be amended so as to be definite. As the Act stands there are two dangers to the angler—arrest and conviction. The Act empowers "a policeman to arrest without warrant any person who he has reason to believe is guilty of an offence under this Act, which is punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine, whether upon his own view thereof or upon the complaint or information of any other person who shall declare his name and place of abode to such constable." Section 12 (1). The offence is under Section 1 (1) (a): "If any person shall cruelly illtreat . . . torture . . . or terrify any animal, or shall, by wantonly or unreasonably doing any act, cause any unnecessary suffering . . . to any animal, such person shall be guilty of an offence of cruelty within the meaning of this Act, and shall be liable upon summary conviction to a fine not exceeding twenty-five pounds, or alternatively, or in addition thereto, to be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for any term not exceeding six months." "Animal" is defined in Section 15 (b): "Captive animal means any animal (not being a domestic animal) of whatsoever kind or species, whether a quadruped or not, including any bird, fish or reptile, which is in captivity, or confinement, or which is maimed, pinioned, or subjected to any appliance or contrivance for the purpose of hindering or preventing its escape from captivity or confinement." Such is the Act as far as it touches our present subject. A fish in a bait-can or in hand, and then impaled on the hooks of a tackle, is therefore an animal in captivity. In using the fish as a live bait some two or more hooks of the tackle are inserted through parts of the fish, viz., through the mouth, the back, the side, the skin, some or all; the fish is suspended by and works upon these hooks, which cause wounds, and unless soon seized and scrunched to death by the jaws of the pike, or of a trout, the impaled fish becomes exhausted, and consequently inactive, and soon dies. To be effective as a live bait it must be lively and, therefore, must be replaced by a fresh live fish, impaled in like manner. Does this treatment "illtreat or torture" the fish? If so, we need go no further to the *ors* in the remainder of the section. If not, then is it "unreasonably causing any unnecessary suffering"? With much deference to other legal views upon the reading of this Act, I fail to see how any Court can do otherwise than convict on the words "illtreat or torture." The words "unreasonably doing" and "unnecessary suffering" do not apply to the former words. If the Court, in the administration of the Act, is to be allowed to read in "a strong dose of common-sense," as has been suggested by a magistrate, it is difficult to imagine how they can find that the suffering was necessary. It must not be that it made a more successful lure, but that it was the only way; this in the face of the well-known other styles of fishing for the same quarry with artificial spinners or dead baits. Some writers have taken the view that the decided cases, under the old Acts, permit the infliction of some but not excessive pain, but if I remember rightly (being away from the books) these cases were in regard to the use of the whip or the spur in the correction or training of horses, sporting dogs, and performing animals, a temporary pain for a legitimate reason; surely very distinguishable from impalement on hooks, maiming them even to death. That is how this Act

would have it. Without going into the full question of the worm bait, suggesting how to prove that a worm suffers, I will merely, for brevity, say the word "Reptile" (see Section 15) includes, according to the encyclopædic dictionaries, worms, maggots and caterpillars. How a Court would view a prosecution on this point it would be difficult to forecast; probably acquit with costs against the prosecution, as a ridiculous case. But Benches are not all of the same mind, and "cruelty" might be found even on worm bait. It comes to this: "Bumble" arrests, and prosecutions on his mere thick-headed "view" that the "offence" is worthy of imprisonment without option of fine are intolerable; the Act should be amended thereon and, at the same time, the question of live bait, both fish and worm, definitely decided and stated in the amending clauses.—W. BADEN-POWELL.

A LONDON GENTLEMAN'S FORE-GOER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

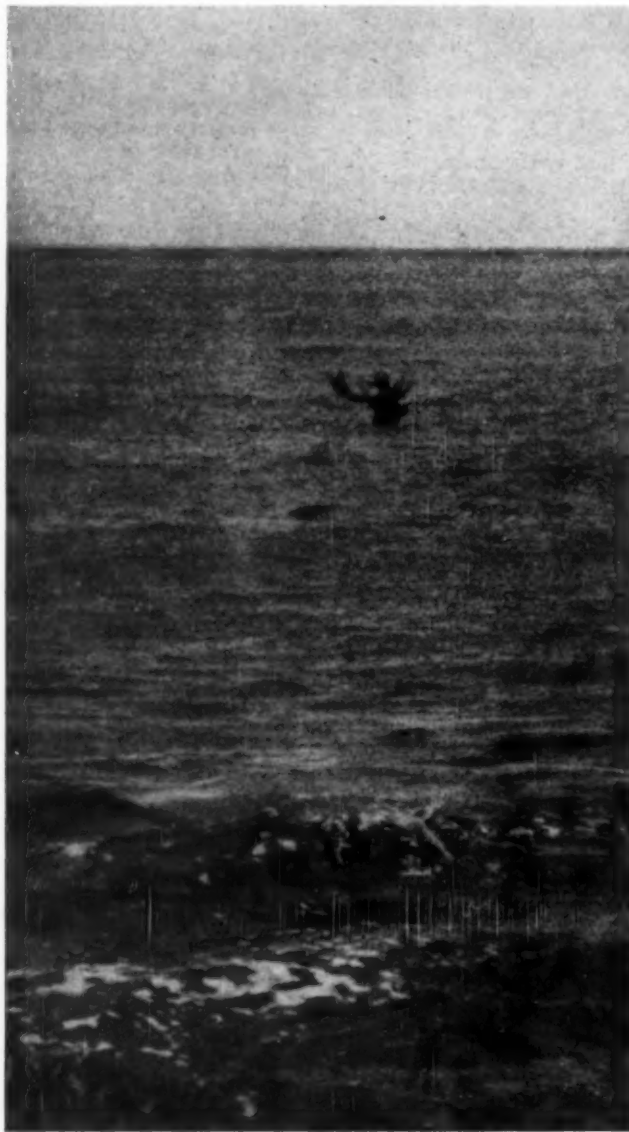
SIR,—An interesting account has recently appeared of the power possessed by many Scandinavians of projecting their presence to others. These manifestations appear to be of such common occurrence that no special interest attaches to a person who is known to possess a *vardgôr*, or fore-goer. Although this faculty has only attained general recognition among Northern and mountainous peoples, it is probably common to all mankind. As, however, it appears to serve no useful purpose, its appearance, even if noticed, has not been considered to be worth recording. However this may be, it may interest your readers to learn that a quite ordinary, matter-of-fact gentleman living in London, somewhat to his annoyance, possesses a *vardgôr*, or fore-goer. A short time ago, on arrival at a London station about 6 p.m., he decided to leave his luggage at his house *en route* for his club. He, however, changed his mind, and with some other friends went direct to his club. On his return home his wife asked him why he had come into the house about 6.15 p.m. and gone out again without seeing her. He replied that he had not come to the house. But she declared this was not true, as she had heard him come into the hall, drop his golf clubs on the floor and go upstairs to his room and then descend and go out. His wife affirms that, according to the evidence of her sense of hearing, her husband was actually in the house at about the time he had intended to be there before he changed his plans. The servants state that no person came to the house about this time. These facts can all be corroborated, and they show that the methods by which this London gentleman's fore-goer manifested itself were very similar to those employed by Scandinavian *vardgôrs*, while the manifestation itself was not only useless, but slightly annoying.—THE VICTIM.

[The writer is known personally to the Editor.—Ed.]

A STAG IN THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph depicts an incident during a run with Captain Amory's Staghounds. This is the first season that Captain Amory has been Master of these hounds—which, before he took them over, were Sir John Amory's Staghounds, with Mr. Ian H. Amory as Master. Mr. Ian H. Amory is now Master of the Tiverton Foxhounds. Although the hunting has been much interfered with by dry weather in the summer and very wet and foggy weather all through the winter, the season has been an open one and, on the whole, successful. Captain Amory has taken some fine heads, notable among them being one of B.B.T. and 5—B.B.T. and 5, taken in the Taw River after a run from Great Down, Rackenford; one of B.B.T. and 4—B.B.T. and 3, taken on the railway line near Tiverton after a four-hour hunt from Knowstone, and the master stag of the Quantocks, B.B.T. and 3—B.B.T. and 3, which went to St. near St. Audries and was taken at Lilford, further along the coast towards Bridgwater. The photograph shows this stag (which was remarkable for the magnificent size of beam and points of antlers) swimming in the sea.—H. E. HATFIELD.

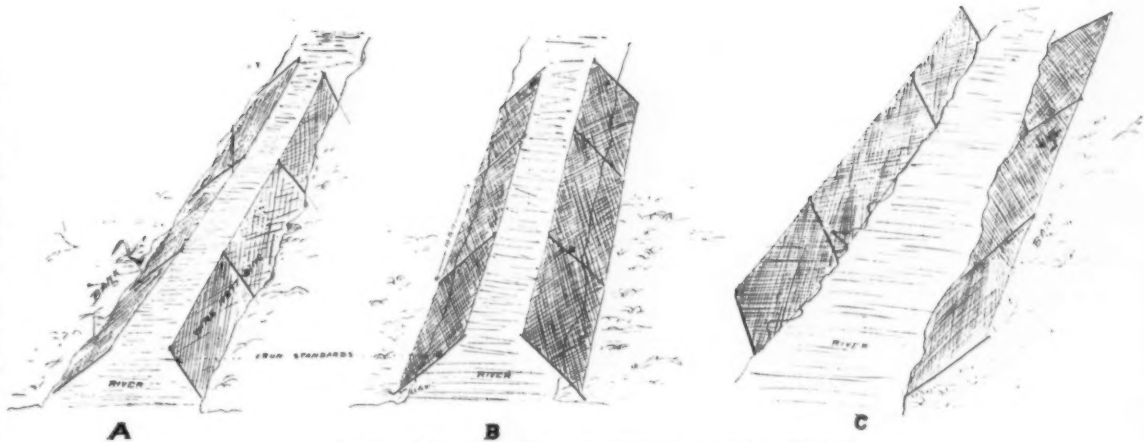


THE SWIMMING STAG.

TO SAVE FISH
FROM HERONS

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Lady Phillips has asked me to send you particulars of the wire-netting arrangement used occasionally on fisheries for protection of the young fish against herons. I have endeavoured to sketch the idea of this netting, and you will see that it may be placed either in the stream with the iron standards leaning towards the water as B; secondly, on the bank as C; or, thirdly, on the bank, but with the iron uprights leaning in the opposite direction, i.e., towards the land. The width of the netting, which is generally of one-inch mesh, varies with the width of the stream; the standards or uprights are about ten feet to fourteen feet apart. The idea is simply to prevent the herons from walking into the water, as they, as a rule, alight several yards from their prey and walk quietly up to it.—LLEWELLYN R. LLEWELLYN.



HOW FISH MAY BE PROTECTED FROM HERONS.

PUGNACIOUS GANNETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photographs may be of sufficient interest to warrant their reproduction in your columns. Gannets are extremely pugnacious during the nesting season, and frequently engage in violent duels with each other on the slightest pretence. They are inveterate thieves, the surreptitious purloining of a neighbour's nesting material is the most common *casus belli*; but often there is no apparent reason for the sudden girding at each other which sets the whole rookery in cackling commotion and engages several pairs at once. The heavy spear-like bill—six inches in length—is never used javelin fashion, which one would naturally expect to be their most deadly method of attack. Instead, the birds lunge furiously at each other with the mandibles widely distended, each endeavouring to obtain the most advantageous grip, generally the throat or back of the neck, which, when once secured, is retained with all the tenacity of a bulldog, the skin being twisted and stretched to an alarming extent in their struggles. More often, however, they grip each other's mandibles, and, thus locked, a regular tug-of-war ensues, as depicted in the first photograph. With outspread wings they flop and flounder across the sloping rockery, ploughing a lane through their sitting fellows, who vent their displeasure at the disturbance in loud cacklings and angry stabs at the belligerents as they pass towards the verge of the cliffs, over which they tumble topsy-turvy a couple of hundred feet to the water below, still interlocked by each other's bills. Threshing the surface



A TUG OF WAR BETWEEN TWO GANNETS

into foam with their powerful pinions, they spin round each other till the observer is surprised that both birds escape drowning. Resting at intervals, spread-eagled on the surface, they halt for a few moments without relaxing their hold; then at it again. At times some of their fellows drop on the surface and paddle close to the combatants, forming a ring round them as if to see fair play. This supposition, however, is belied by the onlookers slyly administering an indiscriminate peck at whichever fighter comes handiest. For upwards of half-an-hour the battle may continue, but the result is always the same. Whenever the grip is lost, both birds appear satisfied and take wing, apparently none the worse for the encounter, though occasionally some show traces of the conflict in a blood-splashed head. The birds in toppling over the cliffs do not always reach the water in safety, and it is no infrequent sight to see a bird suspended by the leg wedged in a projecting fissure of the rocks and totally unable to extricate itself. Birds so trapped are frequently beyond our aid and die a lingering death, but the bird seen in the second photograph was still alive and get-at-able, so that, after being photographed, it was liberated with nothing more serious than a nasty abrasion of the leg.—J. M. CAMPBELL, Bass Rock.



GANNET CAUGHT BY THE LEG.

RETRIEVER AND BUTTERFLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As indicative of the extraordinarily mild and spring-like weather we are at present experiencing in the Chiltern Hills, I am sending for your examination a very handsome specimen of the peacock butterfly captured here on Friday, the 8th inst. Hereon hangs a tale. A few weeks ago a letter anent a web-footed retriever in my possession appeared in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE. While sitting at luncheon on the day in question, this same retriever, Jet, came up to me, nudged my arm with her nose and then walked out into the garden. This happened again and again, the bitch evincing more and more excitement each time. At length, my curiosity aroused, I left the table and followed her, when she led me to an outhouse, on the floor of which I found the butterfly submitted to you. Although not yet twelve months of age, and still very playful, the retriever had not touched the insect. Indeed, she appeared to be rather afraid of it than otherwise.—MARSHMAN, Bucks.

THE STORY OF A REDBREAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had an interesting experience with a robin redbreast, and I shall be glad if you could tell me whether it is an unusual one or not. In the early part of the autumn the bird used to come into the dining-room at breakfast

and lunch, and would come on to the table and help himself or take crumbs from my hand. He suddenly ceased to come, and did not put in an appearance for five weeks. One Sunday he returned, and came to the window asking to be let in, and he seemed to be even more tame, if possible, than he was before.

One naturally wonders why he was away for five weeks, and it certainly argues memory and intelligence on his part that after so long a time he should have come back and made himself completely at home. I shall be glad to know if you or your readers know of any similar instances, and what may be the explanation.

—A. LEAVER.

[Is our correspondent sure that it is the same bird?—Ed.]

UP A TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the Pheasant Inn on the road from Gloucester to Cheltenham. A curious feature



THE WAYSIDE ROOSTING-PLACE.

of this inn is that one of the rooms is built in the branches of a tree. It is right away from the other parts of the house, and has no other support than the tree, being reached by a ladder. The room is frequently occupied by guests.—MONTAGUE DIXON.

THE EARLDOM OF ARRAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the interesting account in your issue for January 27th of Falkland Palace, in which I read that James, first Earl of Arran, was born about 1477. Upon referring to the "Peerage," I find the date of the creation of the first earldom given as 1758. Perhaps you could kindly explain how this is?—ALFRED WILLIAMS.

[Our correspondent confuses two peerages. The Earldom of Arran, or, to be accurate, of the Arran Islands, in the peerage of Ireland, was bestowed not in 1758, but in 1762, on Sir Arthur Gore. He was created Baron Saunders and Viscount Sudley in 1758. The Earl referred to in the article on Falkland Palace was James Harrington, first Earl of Arran in the peerage of Scotland. This title is now held by the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.—Ed.]

THE COUNTY BRIDGE AT DEDHAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you may like to have the enclosed picture of the County Bridge which spans the river Stour at Dedham, with its little tollhouse at one end. The old bridge is notable for a quaint inscription, which is clearly seen on a metal plate in the stone wall of the structure. It runs:

THE DUMB ANIMALS'
APPEAL.

Rest, Driver, rest, on this steep hill,
Dumb beasts pray use with all goodwill;
Goad not, scourge not, scourge not with thonged whips,
Let not one curse escape your lips.
God sees and hears.

—C. MASON.

PATERNOSTERING IN SALT WATER FROM THE SHORE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It has been stated lately by an authority on sea-fishing that Paternoster tackle cast out from piers, rocks, etc., produces such poor results as to be not worth trying. As there are a great army of salt-water anglers who, for various reasons, seldom fish from boats, such a statement, if generally accepted, would be horribly discouraging to a number of keen fishers. To begin with, let me

quote from no less an authority than John Bickerdyke: "It must be acknowledged that, as a general rule, the quantity of fish taken from these places is not great. This is in some cases owing to the summer steam traffic; in others it may be attributed to lack of knowledge and skill on the part of the angler. I say this advisedly, for there are a few salt-water anglers who rarely fish from piers without being successful." There are numbers of places where cod can be readily caught with the Paternoster cast out from the shore. On the East Coast codling can be taken in the autumn from the beach, as they come quite close in. There are also many places in the West of Scotland where one can catch coal-fish by paternostering from the shore. Other fish which are constantly taken from piers and breakwaters are whiting-pout and flatfish. In the East I have had excellent fishing from rocks. One place in particular where a light Paternoster usually gave good results was the Oyster Rock, at the entrance to Karachi Harbour.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE "PINE MARTEN" IN IRELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith I send you a note, with photograph, of the occurrence of a now rare mammal. It was captured by Mr. E. Lysaght on the estate of his father, Mr. S. R. Lysaght, Raheen Manor, County Clare, on November 23rd, 1911, being found in a rabbit-trap in a field adjoining one of the coverings. Mr. P. I. Mountney, the taxidermist of Clifton, Bristol, who has set it up, gives me its measurements as follows: Length from nose to tip of brush, 31 in.; length of brush, 11 in.; height, shoulder to ground, 5 in.; colour, brown sable with buff throat, which, I believe, indicates the younger animal, as the buff changes to white with age. I notice in your number of June 2nd, 1906, that it had been met with in Merionethshire and other parts of Wales, where the write



THE END OF HIS CAREER.

said it was still fairly abundant, and, too, in Scotland; but I have seen no notice in any paper since that date in proof of this abundance. On referring to the Life of Thomas Edward, the celebrated Scotch naturalist, I find the "pine marten" included in the list of mammals, of which it says, "Found chiefly in the higher parts of the county (Banffshire)," and goes on to give a note of its occurrence, on one occasion only, viz., as far back as 1845, when it was seen entering a rabbit-hole. The hole was stopped up and a spade brought to dig the animal out. It had, however, escaped by another outlet from the burrow.—CHARLES F. HENDERSON.

A DOG'S NIGHT-LONG WATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An account I read lately of a dead shepherd guarded by his dog reminds me of a similar incident which occurred some years ago during my stay at Clappersgate, near Ambleside. Old Jim Salkeld, a well-known farmer in the village, had been working late on Saturday night in order to get in his hay crop, as the weather was very threatening and unsettled. I saw him on the Sunday morning following at the bottom of the lane; but I noticed he was unaccompanied by his dog Rover, a grand collie, his *Fidus Achates*. I called his attention to the fact. He showed and whistled up the lane, but no reply, when he suddenly remembered he had laid his coat in the field and had left Rover to watch it. I



AN OLD COUNTY BRIDGE.

him again at noon with Rover at his heels. He had been to the hayfield and found Rover sitting on his coat. The faithful animal had been there all night, very likely wondering when someone would come to relieve him of his responsibility.—J. NORRIS.